A TREASURY *of* VERSE

for

SECONDARY SCHOOLS

By
W. A. COWPERTHWAITE
and
E. K. MARSHALL

BOOK I.

Vern Lynch

A TREASURY OF VERSE
FOR
SECONDARY SCHOOLS

· BOOK ONE

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SECONDARY SCHOOLS

BY

W. A. COWPERTHWAITE, M.A. (HARVARD)

AND

E. K. MARSHALL, M.A.

Authorised by the Advisory Board of the Department of Education for use in the Schools of the Province of Manitoba.

Book One

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INTRODUCTION

Books are our dearest companions, yielding exquisite delights and inspiring lofty aims. They are our silent instructors, our solace in sorrow, our relief in weariness. With what enjoyment we linger over the pages of some well-loved author! With what gratitude we regard every honest book! Friendships, profound and generous, are formed with men long dead, and with men whom we may never see. The lives of these men have a quite personal interest for us. Their homes become as consecrated shrines. Their little ways and familiar phrases become endeared to us, like the little ways and phrases of our loved ones.

—*From George Henry Lewes.*

CONTENTS

	PAGE
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS	v
INTRODUCTION	vii
PART 1	1
PART 2	63
NOTES TO PART 1	131
NOTES TO PART 2	140
INDEX OF AUTHORS	149
INDEX OF TITLES PART 1	153
INDEX OF TITLES PART 2	154
INDEX OF FIRST LINES	155

PART ONE

CANADA

A National Hymn

From our Dominion never
  Take Thy protecting hand!
United, Lord, for ever
  Keep Thou our fathers' land!
From where Atlantic terrors
  Our hardy seamen train,
To where the salt sea mirrors
  The vast Pacific chain.
Ay one with her whose thunder
  Keeps world-watch with the hours,
Guard Freedom's home and wonder,
  This Canada of ours.

Fair days of fortune send her,
  Be Thou her Shield and Sun!
Our land, our flag's Defender,
  Unite our hearts as one!
One flag, one land, upon her
  May every blessing rest!
For loyal faith and honour
  Her children's deeds attest.
Ay one with her, &c.

No stranger's foot, insulting,
  Shall tread our country's soil;
While stand her sons exulting
  For her to live and toil.
She hath the victor's guerdon,
  Hers are the conquering hours
No foeman's yoke shall burden
  This Canada of ours.
Ay one with her, &c.

Our sires, when times were sorest,
  Asked none but aid Divine,
And cleared the tangled forest,
  And wrought the buried mine.
They tracked the floods and fountains,
  And won, with master-hand,
Far more than gold in mountains,
  The glorious Prairie-land.
Ay one with her, &c.

O Giver of earth's treasure,
  Make Thou our nation strong;
Pour forth Thine hot displeasure
  On all who work her wrong!
To our remotest border
  Let plenty still increase,
Let Liberty and Order
  Bid ancient feuds to cease.
Ay one with her, &c.

May Canada's fair daughters
  Keep house for hearts as bold
As theirs who o'er the waters
  Came hither first of old.
The pioneers of nations!
  They showed the world the way;
'Tis ours to keep their stations,
  And lead the van to-day.
Ay one with her, &c.

Inheritors of glory,
  O countrymen! we swear
To guard the flag whose story
  Shall onward victory bear.
Where'er through earth's far regions
  Its triple crosses fly,
For God, for home, our legions
  Shall win, or fighting die!
Ay one with her, &c.

—*Duke of Argyle.*

LAUGHING SONG

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene,
When Mary and Susan and Emily
With their sweet round mouths sing 'Ha, Ha, He!'

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread,
Come live, and be merry, and join with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of 'Ha, Ha, He!'

—*Wm. Blake.*

QUEBEC

Quebec, the grey old city on the hill,
  Lies with a golden glory on her head,
Dreaming throughout this hour so fair, so still,
  Of other days and her beloved dead.
The doves are nesting in the cannon grim,
  The flowers bloom where did run a tide
Of crimson when the moon rose pale and dim
  Above a field of battle stretching wide.

Methinks within her wakes a mighty glow
  Of pride in ancient times, her stirring past,
The strife, the valour of the long ago
  Feels at her heart-strings. Strong and tall and vast
She lies, touched with the sunset's golden grace,
  A wondrous softness on her grey old face.

—*Jean Blewett.*

THE BANKS O' DOON

Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days,
When my fause luve was true.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Frae off its thorny tree;
But my fause luver staw my rose,
And left the thorn wi' me.

—*Robert Burns.*

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that!

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that,
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that!

You see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that!

A king can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that!

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

—*Robert Burns.*

Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.—*Denham.*

THE MASTER OF THE SCUD

There's a schooner out from Kingsport,
Through the morning's dazzle-gleam,
Snoring down the Bay of Fundy
With a norther on her beam.

How the tough wind springs to wrestle,
When the tide is on the flood!
And between them stands young daring—
Arnold, Master of the Scud.

He is only "Martin's youngster,"
To the Minas coasting fleet,
"Twelve year old and full of Satan
As a nut is full of meat."

With a wake of froth behind him,
And the gold green waste before,
Just as though the sea this morning
Were his boat pond by the door.

Legs a-straddle, grips the tiller
This young waif of the old sea;
When the wind comes harder, only
Laughs "Hurrah!" and holds her free.

Little wonder, as you watch him,
With the dash in his blue eye,
Long ago his father called him
"Arnold, Master," on the sly.

While his mother's heart foreboded
Reckless father makes rash son,
So to-day the schooner carries
Just these two whose will is one.

Now the wind grows moody, shifting
Point by point into the east,
Wing and wing the Scud is flying
With her scuppers full of yeast.

And the father's older wisdom
On the sea-line has descried,
Like a stealthy cloud-bank making
Up to windward with the tide,

Those tall navies of disaster,
The pale squadrons of the fog,
That maraud this gray world border
Without pilot, chart, or log.

Ranging wanton as marooners
From Minudie to Manan,
"Heave to, and we'll reef, my master!"
Cries he; when no will of man

Spills the foresail, but a clumsy
Wind-flaw with a hand like stone
Hurls the boom round. In an instant
Arnold, Master, there alone,

Sees a crushed corpse shot to seaward
With the gray doom in its face;
And the climbing foam receives it
To its everlasting place.

What does Arnold, Master, think you?
Whimper like a child for dread?
That's not Arnold. Foulest weather
Strongest sailors ever bred.

And this slip of taut sea-faring
Grows a man who throttles fear.
Let the storm and dark in spite now
Do their worst with valour here!

Not a reef and not a shiver,
While the wind jeers in her shrouds,
And the flauts of foam and sea-fog
Swarm upon her deck in crowds,

Flies the Scud like a mad racer;
And with iron in his frown,
Holding hard by wrath and dreadnought,
Arnold, Master, rides her down.

Let the taffrail shriek through foam-heads!
Let the licking seas go glut
Elsewhere their old hunger, baffled!
Arnold's making for the Gut.

Cleft sheer down, the sea-wall mountains
Give that one port on the coast;
Made, the Basin lies in sunshine!
Missed, the little Scud is lost!

Come now, fog-horn, let your warning
Rip the wind to starboard there!
Suddenly that burly-throated
Welcome ploughs the cumbered air.

The young master hauls a little,
Crowds her up and sheets her home,
Heading for the narrow entry
Whence the safety signals come.

Then the wind lulls, and an eddy
Tells of ledges, where away;
Veers the Scud, sheet free, sun breaking,
Through the rifts, and—there's the bay!

Like a bird in from the storm-beat,
As the summer sun goes down,
Slows the schooner to her moorings
By the wharf at Digby town.

All the world next morning wondered,
Largest letters, there it stood,
"Storm in Fundy. A Boy's Daring.
Arnold, Master of the Scud."

—*Bliss Carman.*

THE SHIPS OF SAINT JOHN

Where are the ships I used to know,
That came to port on the Fundy tide
Half a century ago,
In beauty and stately pride?

In they would come past the beacon light,
With the sun on gleaming sail and spar,
Folding their wings like birds in flight
From countries strange and far.

Schooner and brig and barkentine,
I watched them slow as the sails were furled,
And wondered what cities they must have seen
On the other side of the world.

Frenchman and Britisher and Dane,
Yankee, Spaniard, and Portugee,
And many a home ship back again
With her stories of the sea.

Calm and victorious, at rest
From the relentless, rough sea-play,
The wild duck on the river's breast
Was not more sure than they.

The creatures of a passing race,
The dark spruce forests made them strong,
The sea's lore gave them magic grace,
The great winds taught them song.

And God endowed them each with life—
His blessing on the craftsman's skill—
To meet the blind unreasoned strife
And dare the risk of ill.

Not mere insensate wood and paint
Obedient to the helm's command,
But often restive as a saint
Beneath the Heavenly hand.

All the beauty and mystery
Of life were there, adventure bold,
Youth, and the glamour of the sea
And all its sorrows old.

And many a time I saw them go
Out on the flood at morning brave,
As the little tugs had them in tow,
And the sunlight danced on the wave.

There all day long you could hear the sound
Of the caulking iron, the ship's bronze bell,
And the clank of the capstan going round
As the great tides rose and fell.

The sailors' songs, the Captain's shout,
The boatswain's whistle piping shrill,
And the roar as the anchor chain runs out,—
I often hear them still.

I can see them still, the sun on their gear,
The shining streak as the hulls careen,
And the flag at the peak unfurling,—clear
As a picture on a screen.

The fog still hangs on the long tide-rips,
The gulls go wavering to and fro,
But where are all the beautiful ships
I knew so long ago?

—*Bliss Carman.*

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

—*Tennyson.*

AN APRIL DAY

All day the low-hung clouds have dropped
  Their garnered fullness down;
All day that soft, gray mist has wrapped
  Hill, valley, grove, and town.
There has not been a sound to-day
  To break the calm of Nature;
Nor motion, I might almost say,
  Of life or living creature;
Of waving bough, or warbling bird,
  Or cattle faintly lowing;
I could have half-believed I heard
  The leaves and blossoms growing.

I stood to hear—I love it well—
  The rain's continuous sound:
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell
  Down straight into the ground;
For leafy thickness is not yet
  Earth's naked breast to screen,
Though every dripping branch is set
  With shoots of tender green.
Sure, since I looked at early morn,
  Those honeysuckle buds
Have swelled to double growth; that thorn
  Hath put forth larger studs;
That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,
  The milk-white flowers revealing;
Even now, upon my senses first
  Methinks their sweets are stealing.

Down, down they come—those fruitful stores!
  Those earth-rejoicing drops;
A momentary deluge pours,
  Then thins, decreases, stops;
And, ere the dimples on the stream
  Have circled out of sight,
Lo! from the west a parting gleam
  Breaks forth of amber light.

But yet behold—abrupt and loud
Comes down the glittering rain;
The farewell of a passing cloud,
The fringes of her train.

By some attributed to *Geoffrey Chaucer* (*Modernized*).

AS SHIPS, BECALMED AT EVE

As ships, becalm'd at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side;

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence join'd anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were fill'd,
And onward each rejoicing steer'd—
Ah, neither blame, for neither will'd,
Or wist, what first with dawn appear'd!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
  One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
  At last, at last, unite them there.

—*Arthur Hugh Clough.*

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
  A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
  And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
  While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies and leaves
  Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
  I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
  And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
  The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
  And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
  And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
  The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
  The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
  Our heritage the sea.

Allan Cunningham.

THE MAPLE

All hail to the broad-leaved Maple,
With its fair and changeful dress!
A type of our youthful country
In its pride and loveliness.
Whether in Spring or Summer,
Or in the dreary Fall,
'Mid Nature's forest children
She's fairest of them all.

Down sunny slopes and valleys
Her graceful form is seen,
Her wide, umbrageous branches
The sunburnt reaper screen;
'Mid the dark-browed firs and cedars
Her livelier colours shine,
Like the dawn of a brighter future
On the settler's hut of pine.

She crowns the pleasant hill-top,
Whispers on breezy downs,
And casts refreshing shadows
O'er the streets of our busy towns;
She gladdens the aching eyeball,
Shelters the weary head,
And scatters her crimson glories
On the graves of the silent dead.

When Winter's frosts are yielding
To the sun's returning sway,
And merry groups are speeding
To sugar-woods away;
The sweet and welling juices,
Which form their welcome spoil,
Tell of the teeming plenty
Which here waits honest toil.

When sweet-voiced Spring, soft-breathing
Breaks Nature's icy sleep,
And the forest boughs are swaying
Like the green waves of the deep;
In her fair and budding beauty
A fitting emblem she
Of this our land of promise,
Of hope, of liberty.

And when her leaves, all crimson,
Droop silently and fall,
Like drops of lifeblood welling
From a warrior brave and tall,
They tell how fast and freely
Would her children's blood be shed,
Ere the soil of our faith and freedom
Should echo a foeman's tread.

Then hail to the broad-leaved Maple,
With her fair and changeful dress!
A type of our youthful country
In its pride and loveliness.
Whether in Spring or Summer,
Or in the dreary Fall,
'Mid Nature's forest children
She's fairest of them all.

—*H. F. Darnell.*

DAYS TOO SHORT

When primroses are out in Spring,
And small, blue violets come between;
When merry birds sing on boughs green;
And rills, as soon as born, must sing.

When butterflies will make side leaps,
As tho escaped from Nature's hand
Ere perfect quite; and bees will stand
Upon their heads in fragrant deeps:

When small clouds are so silvery white
Each seems a broken-rimmèd moon—
When such things are, this world too soon,
For me, doth wear the veil of Night.

—*William H. Davies.*

THE LOSS OF THE 'BIRKENHEAD'

Right on our flank the crimson sun went down,
The deep sea rolled around in dark repose,
When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
A cry of women rose.

The stout ship *Birkenhead* lay hard and fast,
Caught, without hope, upon a hidden rock;
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when through them passed
The spirit of that shock.

And ever, like base cowards, who leave their ranks
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
Drifted away, disorderly, the planks,
From underneath her keel.

So calm the air, so calm and still the flood,
That, low down in its blue, translucent glass,
We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst for blood,
Pass slowly, then repass.

They tarried, the waves tarried for their prey!
The sea turned one clear smile! Like things asleep
Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay
As quiet as the deep.

Then amidst oath and prayer and rush and wreck,
Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,
Our Colonel gave the word, and on the deck
Formed us in line to die.

To die!—'twas hard, whilst the sleek ocean glowed
Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers!—
'All to the boats!' cried one: he was, thank God,
No officer of ours!

Our English hearts beat true:—we would not stir:
That base appeal we heard but heeded not:
On land, on sea, we had our colours, Sir,
To keep without a spot!

They shall not say in England that we fought
With shameful strength unhonoured life to seek;
Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought
By trampling down the weak.

So we made women with their children go.
The oars ply back again, and yet again;
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still under steadfast men.

What follows, why recall?—the brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf,
They sleep as well beneath the purple tide
As others under turf.

They sleep as well! and, roused from their wild grave
Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again
Joint-heirs with Christ, because they bled to save
His weak ones, not in vain.

—*Sir Francis H. Doyle.*

That place that does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers.

—*Fletcher.*

GIVE US MEN

Give us men!
Men from every rank,
Fresh and free and frank;
Men of thought and reading,
Men of light and leading,
Men of royal breeding,
The nation's welfare speeding,
Men of faith and not of faction,
Men of lofty aim in action,
Give us men—I say again,
Give us men!

Give us men!
Men who, when the tempest gathers,
Grasp the standard of their fathers,
In the thickest fight;
Men who strike for home and altar
(Let the coward cringe and falter!)
God defend the right!
True as truth, though low and lonely,
Tender as the brave are only,
Men who tread where saints have trod,
Men for country, home, and God;
Give us men—I say again,
Give us men!

Give us men!
Strong and stalwart ones.
Men whom highest hope inspires,
Men whom purest honor fires,
Men who trample self beneath them,
Men who make their country wreathe them,

As her noble sons,
Worthy of their sires!
Men who never shame their mothers,
Men who never fail their brothers,
True, however false all others,
Give us men—I say again,
Give us men!

—*Bishop of Exeter.*

TO DAFFODILS

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early-rising Sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or any thing.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the Summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

—*R. Herrick.*

In play, there are two pleasures for your choosing—
The one is winning, and the other losing.

—*Byron.*

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer's pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

—*Thomas Hood.*

FAITHLESS NELLIE GRAY

A Pathetic Ballad

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs;
So he laid down his arms!

Now, as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot!"

The army-surgeons made him limbs:
Said he, "They're only pegs:
But there's as wooden members quite
As represent my legs!"

Now, Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he devoured his pay!

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off!

"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform!"

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave!

"Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!"

"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs
In Badajos's breaches!"

"Why then," said she, "you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms!"

"O, false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse:—
Though I've no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes!

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death;—alas,
You will not be my Nell!"

Now, when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line!

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off—of course,
He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung, till he was dead
  As any nail in town,—
For, though distress had cut him up,
  It could not cut him down!

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
  To find out why he died—
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
  With a stake in his inside!

—*Thomas Hood.*

THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS

West wind, blow from your prairie nest,
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west,
The sail is idle, the sailor too;
Oh! wind of the west, we wait for you.
Blow, blow!
I have wooed you so,
But never a favour you bestow.
You rock your cradle the hills between,—
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

I stow the sail and unship the mast;
I wooed you long, but my wooing's past;
My paddle will lull you into rest;
O drowsy wind of the drowsy west,
Sleep, sleep!
By your mountains steep,
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep,
Now fold in slumber your laggard wings,
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe and I
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.

The river rolls in its rocky bed,
My paddle is plying its way ahead,
Dip, dip,
When the waters flip
In foam as over their breast we slip.

And oh, the river runs swifter now;
The eddies circle about my bow;
Swirl, swirl,
How the ripples curl
In many a dangerous pool awhirl!

And far to forward the rapids roar,
Fretting their margin for evermore;
Dash, dash,
With a mighty crash,
They seethe and boil and bound and splash.

Be strong, O Paddle; be brave, Canoe!
The reckless waves you must plunge into.
Reel, reel,
On your trembling keel,
But never a fear my craft will feel.

We've raced the rapids; we're far ahead;
The river slips through its silent bed,
Sway, sway,
As the bubbles spray
And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir-tree rocking its lullaby
Swings, swings,
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

*—*E. Pauline Johnson.*

*From *Flint and Feather,* the complete poems of E. Pauline Johnson, published by arrangement with The Musson Book Company, Ltd., Toronto.

TRUE GREATNESS

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be;
Or standing long on an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

—*Ben Jonson.*

Call it not vain;—they do not err
Who say that, when a poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies.

—*Scott.*

IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
  Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
  But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
  Or being lied about don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
  And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
  If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
  And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
  Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
  And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
  And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
  And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
  To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
  Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
  Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
  If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
  With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
  And (which is more) you'll be a Man, my son!

—*Rudyard Kipling*

A JANUARY MORNING

The glittering roofs are still with frost; each worn
Black chimney builds into the quiet sky
Its curling pile to crumble silently.
Far out to westward on the edge of morn,
The slender misty city towers up-borne
Glimmer faint rose against the pallid blue;
And yonder on those northern hills, the hue
Of *amethyst,* hang fleeces dull as horn.
And here behind me come the woodmen's sleighs
With shouts and clamorous squeakings; might and main—
Up the steep slope the horses stamp and strain,
Urged on by hoarse-tongued drivers—cheek ablaze,
Iced beards and frozen eyelids—team by team,
With frost-fringed flanks, and nostrils jetting steam.

—*Archibald Lampman.*

A THUNDERSTORM

A moment the wild swallows like a flight
Of withered gust-caught leaves, serenely high,
Toss in the windrack up the muttering sky.
The leaves hang still. Above the weird twilight,
The hurrying centres of the storm unite
And spreading with huge trunk and rolling fringe,
Each wheeled upon its own tremendous hinge,
Tower darkening on. And now from heaven's height,
With the long roar of elm-trees swept and swayed,
And pelted waters, on the vanished plain
Plunges the blast. Behind the wild white flash
That splits abroad the pealing thunder-crash,
Over bleared fields and gardens disarrayed,
Column on column comes the drenching rain.

—*Archibald Lampman.*

Truth is the highest thing that man may keep.

—*Chaucer.*

A SUMMER STORM

Suddenly all the sky is hid
As with the shutting of a lid,
One by one great drops are falling
Doubtful and slow,
Down the pane they are crookedly crawling,
And the wind breathes low;
Slowly the circles widen on the river,
Widen and mingle, one and all;
Here and there the slenderer flowers shiver,
Struck by an icy raindrop's fall.

Now on the hills I hear the thunder mutter,
The wind is rising in the west;
The upturned leaves first whiten and flutter,
Then droop to a fitful rest;

Up from the stream with sluggish flap
Struggles the gull and floats away;
Nearer and nearer rolls the thunderclap,—
We shall not see the sun go down to-day:

Now leaps the wind on the sleepy marsh,
And tramples the grass with terrified feet,
The startled river turns leaden and harsh,
You can hear the quick heart of the tempest beat.

Look! look! that vivid flash!
And instantly follows the rattling thunder,
As if some cloud-crag, split asunder,
Fell, splintering with a ruinous crash;
Against the windows the storm comes dashing,
Through tattered foliage the hail tears crashing,
The blue lightning flashes,
The rapid hail clashes,
The white waves are tumbling,
The thunder is rumbling,
And crashing and crumbling,—
Will silence return never more?

Hush! still as death,
The tempest holds his breath;
The rain stops short, but from the eaves
You see it drop, and hear it from the leaves.
Again, loud and long,
The thunder shouts his battle-song,—
One quivering flash,
One wildering crash,
Followed by silence dead and dull,—
As if the cloud, let go,
Leapt bodily below
To whelm the earth in one mad overthrow,
And then a total lull.
Gone, gone, so soon!
The pale and quiet moon
Makes her calm forehead bare,
And the last fragments of the storm,
Like shattered rigging from a fight at sea,
Silent and few, are drifting over me.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

YUSSOUF

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,
Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;
I come to thee for shelter and for food,
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes 'The Good'."

"This tent is mine", said Yussouf, "but no more
Than it is God's; come in, and be at peace:
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store,
As I of His who buildeth over these
Our tents His glorious roof of night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard 'Nay'."

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
And, waking him ere day, said, "Here is gold;
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight;
Depart before the prying day grow bold".
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand
Which shines from all self-conquest. Kneeling low,
He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
Sobbing, "O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so;
I will repay thee; all this thou has done
Unto that Ibrahim, who slew thy son!"

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf; "for with thee
Into the desert, never to return,
My one black thought shall ride away from me.
First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees;
Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace!"

—*James Russell Lowell.*

THE SONG OF THE SKI

Norse am I when the first snow falls;
Norse am I till the ice departs.
The fare for which my spirit calls
Is blood from a hundred viking-hearts.
The curved wind wraps me like a cloak;
The pines blow out their ghostly smoke.
I'm high on the hill and ready to go—
A wingless bird in a world of snow:
Yet I'll ride the air
With a dauntless dare
That only a child of the north can know.

The bravest ski has a cautious heart
And moves like a tortoise at the start
But when it tastes the tang of the air

It leaps away like a frightened hare.
The day is gloomy, the curtains half-drawn,
And light is stunted as at the dawn:
But my foot is sure and my arm is brawn.

I poise on the hill and I wave adieu:
(My curving skis are firm and true)
The slim wood quickens, the air takes fire
And sings to me like a gypsy's lyre.
Swifter and swifter grows my flight:
The dark pines ease the unending white.
The lean, cold birches, as I go by,
Are like blurred etchings against the sky.
One am I for a moment's joy
With the falling star and the plunging bird.
The world is swift as an Arab boy;
The world is sweet as a woman's word.
Never came such a pure delight
To a bacchanal or a sybarite:
Swifter and swifter grows my flight,
And glad am I, as I near the leap,
That the snow is fresh and the banks are deep.

Swifter and swifter on I fare,
And soon I'll float with the birds on air.
The speed is blinding; I'm over the ridge,
Spanning space on a phantom bridge.
The drifts await me; I float, I fall:
The world leaps up like a lunging carp.
I land erect and the tired winds drawl
A lazy rune on a broken harp.

Child of the roofless world am I;
Not of those hibernating drones
Who fear the gray of a wintry sky
And the shrieking wind's ironic tones,
Who shuffle cards in a cloud of smoke
Or crawl like frozen flies at chess,
Or gossip all day with meddling folk
In collar of starch and a choking dress.

Come, ye maids of the vanity-box,
Come, ye men of the stifling air:
The white wind waits at your door and knocks;
The white snow calls you everywhere.
Come, ye lads of the lounge and chair,
And gird your feet with the valiant skis
And mount the steed of the winter air
And hold the reins of the winter breeze.

Lord of the mountains dark with pine!
Lord of the fields of smoking snow!
Grant to this vagrant heart of mine
A path of wood where my feet may go,
And a roofless world to my journey's end,
And a cask of wind for my cup of wine,
And yellow gold of the sun to spend,
And at night the stars in endless line,
And, after it all, the hand of a friend—
The hand of a trusted friend in mine.

—*Wilson MacDonald.*

FROM REYNARD THE FOX

Down in the village men awoke,
The chimneys breathed with a faint blue smoke,
The fox slept on, though tweaks and twitches,
Due to his dreams, ran down his flitches.

. . . . . .

Windows were opened, mats were beaten,
All men's breakfasts were cooked and eaten;
But out in the gorse on the grassy shelf
The sleeping fox looked after himself.

. . . . . .

At eleven o'clock a boy went past,
With a rough-haired terrier following fast.
The boy's sweet whistle and dog's quick yap
Woke the fox from out of his nap.

. . . . . .

He rose and stretched till the claws in his pads
Stuck hornily out like long black gads.
He listened a while, and his nose went round
To catch the smell of the distant sound.

. . . . . .

The windward smells came free from taint—
They were rabbit, strongly, with lime-kiln, faint,
A wild-duck likely, at Sars Holt Pond,
And sheep on the Sars Holt Down beyond.

. . . . . .

The leeward smells were much less certain,
For the Ghost Heath Hill was like a curtain,
Yet vague, from the leeward, now and then,
Came muffled sounds like the sound of men.

. . . . . .

He moved to his right to a clearer space,
And all his soul came into his face,
Into his eyes and into his nose,
As over the hill a murmur rose.
His ears were cocked and his keen nose flaired,
He sneered with his lips till his teeth were bared,
He trotted right and lifted a pad
Trying to test what foes he had.

. . . . . .

Then indistinctly, the clop, clip, clep,
On Brady Ride, of a horse's step.
Then silence, then, in a burst, much clearer,
Voices and horses coming nearer,
And another noise, of a pit-pat beat
On the Ghost Hill grass, of foxhound feet.

. . . . . .

Scent was burning, the going good,
The world one lust for a fox's blood.
The main earths stopped and the drains put-to,
And fifteen miles to the land he knew.
But of all the ills, the ill least pleasant
Was to run in the light when men were present.
Men in the fields to shout and sign
For a lift of the hounds to a fox's line.

He readied himself, then a soft horn blew.
Then a clear voice carolled, "Ed-hoick! Eleu!"
Then the wood-end rang with the clear voice crying
And the crackle of scrub where hounds were trying.
Then the horn blew nearer, a hound's voice quivered
Then another, then more, till his body shivered,
He left his kennel and trotted thence
With his ears flexed back and nerves all tense.

. . . . . .

On he went with a galloping rally
Past Maesbury Clump for Wan Brook Valley.
The blood in his veins went romping high,
"Get on, on, on, to the earth or die."
The air of the downs went purely past
Till he felt the glory of going fast,
Till the terror of death, though there indeed,
Was lulled for a while by his pride of speed.

. . . . . .

In one mile more he would lie at rest,
So for one mile more he would go his best.
He reached the dip at the long droop's end
And he took what speed he had still to spend.

. . . . . .

And here, as he ran to the huntsman's yelling,
The fox first felt that the pace was telling;
His body and lungs seemed all grown old,
His legs less certain, his heart less bold,
The hound-noise nearer, the hill-slope steeper,
The thud in the blood of his body deeper,
His pride in his speed, his joy in the race
Were withered away, for what use was pace?
He had run his best, and the hounds ran better.
Then the going worsened, the earth was wetter.
Then his brush drooped down till it sometimes dragged,
And his fur felt sick and his chest was tagged
With taggles of mud, and his pads seemed lead;
It was well for him he'd an earth ahead,

. . . . . .

At the second attempt he cleared the fence,
He turned half-right where the gorse was dense,
He was leading hounds by a furlong clear.
He was past his best, but his earth was near.
He ran up gorse to the spring of the ramp,
The steep green wall of the dead men's camp,
He sidled up it and scampered down
To the deep green ditch of the dead men's town.

. . . . . .

Within, as he reached that soft green turf,
The wind, blowing lonely, moaned like surf,
Desolate ramparts rose up steep
On either side, for the ghosts to keep.
He raced the trench, past the rabbit warren,
Close-grown with moss which the wind made barren;
He passed the spring where the rushes spread,
And there in the stones was his earth ahead.
One last short burst upon failing feet—
There life lay waiting, so sweet, so sweet,
Rest in a darkness, balm for aches.

The earth was stopped. It was barred with stakes.

. . . . . .

—*John Masefield.*

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

Oft in the stilly night
  Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
  Of other days around me:
    The smiles, the tears
    Of boyhood's years,
  The words of love then spoken;
    The eyes that shone,
    Now dimm'd and gone,
  The cheerful hearts now broken!

Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so link'd together
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

—*Thomas Moore.*

MIRIAM'S SONG

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah hath triumphed—His people are free.
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots and horsemen all splendid and brave,
How vain was their boasting!—the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah hath triumphed—His people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord,
His word was the arrow, His breath was our sword!
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the power of her pride?
For the Lord hath looked out from His pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah hath triumphed—His people are free.

—*Thomas Moore.*

VITAI LAMPADA—THE TORCH OF LIFE

There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night—
Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote—
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red,—
Red with the wreck of a square that broke;—
The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far, and Honour a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the School is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind—
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

—*Sir Henry Newbolt.*

THE BELLS

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future!—how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavour
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,

And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are ghouls:—
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells:—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells,—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

—*Edgar Allen Poe.*

Britain's myriad voices call,
"Sons, be welded each and all
Into one imperial whole,
One with Britain, heart and soul?"

—*Tennyson.*

'WELL DONE, "CALLIOPE"!'

Come, listen to my story,
And tell it far and free,
How Englishmen won glory
That shall never cease to be,
When the gallant ship *Calliope*
Stood stoutly out to sea!

Fair, fair are the Samoan isles
Beneath an azure sky,
Where careless for a thousand miles
The land-birds seaward fly,
And emerald shore and sapphire deep
In sun and slumber lie.

But fierce Samoan islands seem
When winds begin to blow,
When, pale as ash, the waters gleam,
And, where the palm-trees grow,
About the coral rocks are flung
Storm-woven wreaths of snow.

Black Friday! down the 'glass' did run,
The birds came hurrying back,
O'er angry seas, an angry sun
Went red behind the wrack,
And pale for swoon the full March moon
Fled frightened thro' the pack.

The wind blew west, the wind blew east,
We dropped our heaviest chain,
The sea was churned and flew like yeast
Before the thrashing rain,
And through the night of roar and spite
We fought the hurricane.

Steam up, with head to wind we lay,
And bitter broke the morn,
Three ships cast hopelessly away,
Three doomed to fate forlorn—
Like steeds that strain against the rein—
Still battled, tempest-torn.

Hemmed round by reefs whose ragged teeth
Beset the harbour ways,
While wind-sucked surges from beneath
Were flung in blinding haze,
What hand could steer, what eye see clear
To thread the cruel maze?

Our cables snapped, our ropes were bent,
Our starboard 'bower' was sound,
Chained, by in agony we went,
Like a mad bull, round and round,
Ahead, astern, at every turn we feared
To touch the ground.

With fierce, ungovernable prow,
The *Olga* smote, and passed,
And soon her hulk across our bow
The wild *Vandalia* cast,
With bowsprit jammed, and quarter rammed,
Still, still, we fought the blast.

Now close beneath our counter ran
The reef-mad furious wave,
The crew looked silent, man to man,
Then cried our captain brave—
'Slip cables all! what'er befall,
Let ocean be our grave!'

For better far it is to dare
The fiercest winds that be,
Than beach and break a craft so fair
As our *Calliope*!
'Full steam ahead!' the captain said,
And so we stood to sea.

Full steam ahead! no fiercer breath
Did ever piston fill.
The engines seemed to race with Death,
The stokers worked with will,
Our seven fires burned, our great screw turned
But we were standing still.

Nor long our iron-hearted ship
Irresolute would stay.
'Twixt rolling hull and reef we slip,
We steer toward the bay,
And make the strait and stormy gate
Where *Trenton* bars the way.

Now God have mercy! save us all
From iron heel and boom!
We rose up o'er the water wall,
We scarce had passage-room;
Starboard or port, a yard too short,
It would have sealed our doom.

Then to the *Trenton's* rigging sprang
The sailors with a cry;
Above the storm their voices rang—
'Bravo! good-bye!—good-bye!'
When men—so near to dying—cheer,
It is not hard to die.

Scathed by the dragon's teeth, we passed
From out the jaws of hell,
We faced all day the howling blast,
Rose mountains high and fell,
And still far forth toward the north
We steered, and all was well.

Within our plunging coffin pent,
We heard the tempest roar,
We knew the fate from which we went,
Nor recked the death before,
Some loved their lives, some loved their wives,
But all loved Duty more.

Now climbing up the whelming wave,
Nor left nor right we veered,
Now poised, now falling to our grave
Again the prow upreared,
No hand, no heart, but played its part,
And not a soul that feared.

O'erswept by seas from stem to stern,
  Our ship was true as steel,
Still bravely did the furnace burn,
  And steady went the wheel,
And taut and tight we trod the might
  Of the storm beneath our keel.

And when the second dawn had come,
  And sullen sank the sea,
"Bout ship' we went and stood for home—
  The home where we would be:
And heard the cheer ring loud and clear,
  'Well done, *Calliope!*'

—*H. D. Rawnsley.*

UPHILL

Does the road wind uphill all the way?
  Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
  From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
  A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
  You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
  Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
  They will not keep you waiting at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
  Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
  Yea, beds for all who come.

—*C. G. Rossetti.*

LOCHINVAR

O young Lochinvar is come out of the West,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone:
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
'Oh come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?'

'I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.'

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup;
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
'Now tread we a measure!' said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;

While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.'

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood
near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
'She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
ran;
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

LOVE OF COUNTRY

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,

Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

HOW SWEET THE MOONLIGHT

. . . How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. . . .

—*William Shakespeare.*

DAYBREAK

Day had awakened all things that be,
The lark, and the thrush, and the swallow free,
And the milkmaid's song, and the mower's scythe;
And the matin-bell, and the mountain bee:
Fire-flies were quenched on the dewy corn,
Glow-worms went out, on the river's brim,
Like lamps which a student forgets to trim:
The beetle forgot to wind his horn,
The crickets were still in the meadow and hill:
Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun,
Night's dreams and terrors, every one,
Fled from the brains which are their prey,
From the lamp's death to the morning ray.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

EVENING

The sun is set; the swallows are asleep;
The bats are flitting fast in the gray air;
The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep,
And evening's breath, wandering here and there
Over the quivering surface of the stream,
Wakes not one ripple from its summer dream.

There is no dew on the dry grass to-night,
Nor damp within the shadow of the trees;
The wind is intermitting, dry, and light;
And in the inconstant motion of the breeze
The dust and straws are driven up and down,
And whirled about the pavement of the town.

The chasm in which the sun has sunk is shut
By darkest barriers of cinereous cloud,
Like mountain over mountain huddled—but
Growing and moving upwards in a crowd,
And over it a space of watery blue,
Which the keen evening star is shining through.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

CHRISTMAS AT SEA

The sheets were frozen hard, and they cut the naked hand;
The decks were like a slide, where a seaman scarce could stand,
The wind was a nor-wester, blowing squally off the sea;
And cliffs and spouting breakers were the only things a-lee.

They heard the surf a-roaring before the break of day;
But 'twas only with the peep of light we saw how ill we lay.
We tumbled every hand on deck instanter, with a shout,
And we gave her the maintops'l, and stood by to go about.

All day we tacked and tacked between the South Head
and the North;
All day we hauled the frozen sheets, and got no further
forth;
All day as cold as charity, in bitter pain and dread,
For very life and nature we tacked from head to head.

We gave the South a wider berth, for there the tide-race
roared;
But every tack we made we brought the North Head close
aboard;
So's we saw the cliffs and houses, and the breakers
running high,
And the coastguard in his garden, with his glass against
his eye.

The frost was on the village roofs as white as ocean foam;
The good red fires were burning bright in every 'longshore
home;
The windows sparkled clear, and the chimneys volleyed
out;
And I vow we sniffed the victuals as the vessel went about.

The bells upon the church were rung with a mighty jovial
cheer;
For it's just that I should tell you how (of all days in the
year)
This day of our adversity was blessed Christmas morn.
And the house above the coastguard's was the house where
I was born.

O well I saw the pleasant room, the pleasant faces there,
My mother's silver spectacles, my father's silver hair;
And well I saw the firelight, like a flight of homely elves,
Go dancing round the china plates that stand upon the
shelves.

And well I knew the talk they had, the talk that was of
me,
Of the shadow on the household and the son that went to
sea;

And O the wicked fool I seemed, in every kind of way,
To be here and hauling frozen ropes on blessèd Christmas Day.

They lit the high sea-light, and the dark began to fall.
"All hands to loose topgallant sails!" I heard the captain call.
"By the Lord, she'll never stand it," our first mate, Jackson, cried.
. . . . "It's the one way or the other, Mr. Jackson," he replied.

She staggered to her bearings, but the sails were new and good,
And the ship smelt up to windward just as though she understood.
As the winter's day was ending, in the entry of the night,
We cleared the weary headland, and passed below the light.

And they heaved a mighty breath, every soul on board but me,
As they saw her nose again pointing handsome out to sea;
But all that I could think of, in the darkness and the cold,
Was just that I was leaving home and my folks were growing old.

—*R. L. Stevenson.*

REQUIEM

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

—*R. L. Stevenson.*

DORA

With farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often look'd at them,
And often thought, "I'll make them man and wife."
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearn'd toward William; but the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day
When Allan call'd his son, and said, "My son,
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die:
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now therefore look to Dora; she is well
To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter: he and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora: take her for your wife;
For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day,
For many years." But William answer'd short:
"I cannot marry Dora; by my life,
I will not marry Dora." Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said:
"You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!
But in my time a father's word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to it;
Consider, William: take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And never more darken my doors again."
But William answer'd madly; bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he look'd at her
The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out he left his father's house,
And hired himself to work within the fields;

And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed
A labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison.
Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd
His niece and said: "My girl, I love you well;
But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law."
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
"It cannot be: my uncle's mind will change!"
And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William; then distresses came on him;
And day by day he pass'd his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save,
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest time he died.
Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said:
"I have obey'd my uncle until now,
And I have sinn'd, for it was all thro' me
This evil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for his orphan, I am come to you:
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest: let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."
And Dora took the child, and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,

But her heart fail'd her; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.
But when the morrow came, she rose and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound;
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it round his hat
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then when the farmer pass'd into the field
He spied her, and he left his men at work,
And came and said: "Where were you yesterday?
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?"
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answer'd softly, "This is William's child!"
"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not
Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again:
"Do with me as you will, but take the child,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!"
And Allan said, "I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you!
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy;
But go you hence, and never see me more."
So saying, he took the boy that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
More and more distant. She bow'd down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bow'd down
And wept in secret; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.
Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
To God, that help'd her in her widowhood.
And Dora said, "My uncle took the boy;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you:
He says that he will never see me more."

Then answer'd Mary, "This shall never be,
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself:
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
His mother; therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him home,
And I will beg of him to take thee back:
But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child, until he grows
Of age to help us."

So the women kiss'd
Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.
The door was off the latch: they peep'd, and saw
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
Like one that loved him; and the lad stretch'd out
And babbled for the golden seal that hung
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
Then they came in: but when the boy beheld
His mother, he cried out to come to her:
And Allen set him down, and Mary said:

"O Father!—if you let me call you so—
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child; but now I come
For Dora: take her back; she loves you well.
O Sir, when William died, he died at peace
With all men; for I ask'd him, and he said
He could not ever rue his marrying me—
I had been a patient wife: but, Sir, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus;
'God bless him!' he said, 'and may he never know
The troubles I have gone thro'!' Then he turn'd
His face and pass'd—unhappy that I am!
But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
His father's memory; and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before."

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room;
And all at once the old man burst in sobs:—
"I have been to blame—to blame. I have kill'd my son.
I have kill'd him—but I loved him—my dear son,
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children."
Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times,
And all the man was broken with remorse;
And all his love came back a hundredfold;
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child,
Thinking of William.
So those four abode
Within one house together; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

I heard a thousand blended notes
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did nature link
The human soul that through me ran,
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts in that sweet hour
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths,
And! 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played;
Their thoughts I cannot measure:—
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

From heaven if this belief be sent,
If such be nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

—*William Wordsworth.*

TO THE DAISY

Bright flower, whose home is everywhere!
A Pilgrim bold in Nature's care,
And all the long year through the heir
Of joy or sorrow,
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
The forest thorough!

And wherefore? Man is soon deprest;
A thoughtless Thing! who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,
Or on his reason;
But Thou wouldst teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind,
A hope for times that are unkind
And every season.

—*William Wordsworth.*

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

—*Shakespeare.*

WE MUST BE FREE

It is not to be thought of that the flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, 'with pomp of waters, unwithstood,'—
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,—
That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

—*William Wordsworth.*

THE TABLES TURNED

Up! up! my friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double;
Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings:
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things;
—We murder to dissect.

Enough of science and of art;
Close up these barren leaves:
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

—*William Wordsworth.*

A SONG OF PRAISE

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof:
The world, and they that dwell therein.
For He hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.
Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
And who shall stand in His holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
Nor sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him,
That seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?
The Lord strong and mighty,
The Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?
The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory.

Psalm xxiv.

THE GREATNESS OF LOVE

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part: but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

St. Paul, 1 Corinthians, xiii.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters,
He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me;
Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

—*Psalm xxiii.*

LORD, WHO SHALL ABIDE

Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle?
Who shall dwell in Thy holy hill?
He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness,
And speaketh the truth in his heart.
He that backbiteth not with his tongue,
Nor doeth evil to his neighbour,
Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour.
In whose eyes a vile person is condemned:
But he honoureth them that fear the Lord.
He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.
He that putteth not out his money to usury,
Nor taketh reward against the innocent.
He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

—*Psalm xv.*

PART TWO

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Hark! In the air, around, above,
The angelic music soars and swells,
And, in the garden that I love,
I hear the sound of Christmas bells.

From hamlet, hollow, village height,
The silvery message seems to start,
And, far away, its notes tonight
Are surging through the city's heart.

Peace and good-will 'twixt rich and poor!
Good-will and peace 'twixt class and class
Let old with new, let prince with boor,
Send round the bowl, and drain the glass;

That still behind the steely sea
That guards our greatness like a sword,
The free-born children of the free
May own one law, one land, one lord;

And never in our midst may sound
Discordant voice or threat morose,
But every year that circles round
May find and bind us yet more close.

But not alone for those who still
Within the mother-land abide,
We deck the porch, we dress the sill,
And fling the portals open wide.

But unto all of British blood—
Whether they cling to Egbert's throne,
Or, far beyond the western flood,
Have reared a sceptre of their own.

And, half regretful, yearn to win
Their way back home, and loudly claim
The rightful share of kith and kin
In Alfred's glory. Shakespeare's fame,—

We pile the logs, we troll the stave,
  We waft the tidings wide and far,
And speed the wish, on wind and wave,
  To Southern Cross and Northern Star.

Yes! Peace on earth, Atlantic strand!
  Peace and good-will, Pacific shore!
Across the waters stretch your hand,
  And be our brothers more and more!

Blood of our blood, in every clime!
  Race of our race, by every sea!
To you we sing the Christmas rhyme,
  For you we light the Christmas tree.

—*Alfred Austin.*

TIGER

Tiger! tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand, and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger! tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

—*William Blake.*

A PASSER-BY

Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,
Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,
That fearest not sea rising, nor sky clouding—
Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest?
Ah! soon, when Winter has all our vales oppress,
When skies are cold and misty, and hail is hurling,
Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest
In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling.

I there before thee, in the country that well thou knowest,
Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air:
I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,
And anchor queen of the strange shipping there,
Thy sails for awnings spread, thy masts bare:
Nor is aught from the foaming reef to the snow-capp'd, grandest
Peak that is over the feathery palms more fair
Than thou, so upright, so stately and still thou standest.

And yet, O splendid ship, unhail'd and nameless,
I know not if, aiming a fancy, I rightly divine
That thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage blameless,
Thy port assured in happier land than mine.
But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is thine,
As thou, aslant with trim tackle and shrouding,
From the proud nostril curve of a prow's line
In the offing scatterest foam, thy white sails crowding.

—*Robert Bridges.*

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL

Morning, evening, noon, and night,
"Praise God," sang Theocrite.

Then to his poor trade he turned
By which the daily meal was earned.

Hard he laboured, long and well;
O'er his work the boy's curls fell:

But ever, at each period
He stopped and sang, "Praise God."

Then back again his curls he threw,
And cheerful turned to work anew.

Said Blaise, the listening monk, "Well done;
I doubt not thou are heard, my son:

"As well as if thy voice to-day
Were praising God the Pope's great way.

"This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome
Praises God from Peter's dome."

Said Theocrite, "Would God that I
Might praise Him that great way, and die!"

Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures alway,
A thousand years are but a day.

God said in Heaven, "Nor day nor night
Now brings the voice of My delight."

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings and sank to earth;

Entered in flesh the empty cell,
Lived there, and played the craftsman well.

And morning, evening, noon, and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.

And from a boy, to youth he grew:
The man put off the stripling's hue:

The man matured and fell away
Into the season of decay:

And ever o'er the trade he bent,
And ever lived on earth content.

(He did God's will; to him all one
If on the earth or in the sun).

God said, "A praise is in mine ear:
There is no doubt in it, no fear;

"So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from My footstool go.

"Clearer loves sound other ways:
I miss My little human praise."

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'Twas Easter Day: he flew to Rome,
And paused above Saint Peter's dome.

In the tiring-room close by
The great outer gallery,

With his holy vestments dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite:

And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
Till on his life the sickness weighed;

And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer:

And rising from the sickness drear
He grew a priest, and now stood here.

To the East with praise he turned,
And on his sight the angel burned.

"I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell,
And set thee here; I did not well.

"Vainly I left my angel's-sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year.

"Thy voice's praise seemed weak; it dropped—
Creation's chorus stopped!

"Go back and praise again
The early way—while I remain.

"With that weak voice of our disdain,
Take up Creation's pausing strain.

"Back to the cell and poor employ:
Become the craftsman and the boy!"

Theocrite grew old at home;
A new Pope dwelt in Peter's Dome.

One vanished as the other died:
They sought God side by side.

—*Robert Browning.*

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

—*Shakespeare.*

DUNCAN GRAY

Duncan Gray cam here to woo,
  Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
On blythe Yule night when we were fou,
  Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
  Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd;
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig;
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin ower a linn!

Time and chance are but a tide,
Slighted love is sair to bide;
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie dee?
She may go to—France for me!

How it comes let doctors tell,
Meg grew sick as he grew well;
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And, O her een, they spak sic things!

Duncan was a lad of grace;
Maggie's was a piteous case;
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
Now they're crouse and canty baith:
  Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

—*Robert Burns.*

A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident tomorrows.

—*Wordsworth.*

SCOTS WHA HAE

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power,
Chains and slaverie?

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

—*Robert Burns.*

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways.

—*Tennyson.*

THE OCEAN

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee: the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, quivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war:

These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee:
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washèd them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow—
Such as Creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempest; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean, and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

—*Lord Byron.*

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

—*Shakespeare-Hamlet*

THE JOYS OF THE ROAD

Now the joys of the road are chiefly these:
A crimson touch on the hard-wood trees;

A vagrant morning wide and blue,
In early fall, when the wind walks, too;

A shadowy highway, cool and brown,
Alluring up and enticing down

From rippled water to dappled swamp,
From purple glory to scarlet pomp;

The outward eye, the quiet will,
And the striding heart from hill to hill;

The tempter apple over the fence;
The cobweb bloom on the yellow quince;

The palish asters along the wood,—
A lyric touch of the solitude;

An open hand, an easy shoe,
And a hope to make the day go through,—

Another to sleep with, and a third
To wake me up at the voice of a bird;

The resonant far-listening morn,
And the hoarse whisper of the corn;

The crickets mourning their comrades lost,
In the night's retreat from the gathering frost;

(Or is it their slogan, plaintive and shrill,
As they beat on their corselets, valiant still?)

And O the joy that is never won,
But follows and follows the journeying sun,

By marsh and tide, by meadow and stream,
A will-o'-the-wind, a light-o'-dream,

Delusion afar, delight anear,
From morrow to morrow, from year to year,

A jack-o'-lantern, a fairy fire,
A dare, a bliss, and a desire!

The racy smell of the forest loam,
When the stealthy, sad-hearted leaves go home;

(O leaves, O leaves, I am one with you,
Of the mould and the sun and the wind and the dew!)

The broad gold wake of the afternoon;
The silent fleck of the cold new moon;

The sound of the hollow sea's release
From stormy tumult to starry peace;

With only another league to wend;
And two brown arms at the journey's end!

These are the joys of the open road—
For him who travels without a load.

—*Bliss Carman.*

THE DONKEY

When fishes flew and forests walked
And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moment when the moon was blood
Then surely I was born.

With monstrous head and sickening cry
And ears like errant wings,
The devil's walking parody
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,
Of ancient crooked will;
Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,
I keep my secret still.

Fools! For I also had my hour;
One far fierce hour and sweet:
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet.

—*G. K. Chesterton.*

SAY NOT, THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH

Say not, the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

—*Arthur Hugh Clough.*

Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way of glory.

—*Tennyson.*

DE HABITANT

De place I get born, me, is up on de reever
Near foot of de rapide dat's call Cheval Blanc;
Beeg mountain behin' it, so high you can't climb it
An' whole place she's mebbe two honder arpent.

De fader of me, he was habitant farmer,
Me gran' fader too, an' hees fader also,
Dey don't mak' no monee, but dat isn't fonny
For it's not easy get ev'ryt'ing, you mus' know—

All de sam' dere is somet'ing dey got ev'ryboddy,
Dat's plaintee good healt', wat de monee can't geev,
So I'm workin' away dere, an' happy for stay dere
On farm by de reever, so long I was leev.

O! dat was de place w'en de spring tam she's comin',
W'en snow go away, an' de sky is all blue—
W'en ice lef' de water, an' sun is get hotter
An' back on de medder is sing de gou-glou—

W'en small sheep is firs' comin' out on de pasture,
Deir nice leetle tail stickin' up on deir back,
Dey ronne wit' deir moder, an' play wit' each oder
An' jomp all de tam jus' de sam' dey was crack—

An' ole cow also, she's glad winter is over,
So she kick herse'f up, an' start off on de race
Wit' de two-year-ole heifer, dat's purty soon lef' her,
W'y ev'ryt'ing's crazee all over de place!

An' down on de reever de wil' duck is quackin',
Along by de shore leetle san' piper ronne—
De bullfrog he's gr-rompin' an' doré is jompin'
Dey all got deir own way for mak' it de fonne.

But spring's in beeg hurry, an' don't stay long wit' us
An' firs' t'ing we know, she go off till nex' year,
Den bee commence hummin', for summer is comin'
An' purty soon corn's gettin' ripe on de ear.

Dat's very nice tam for wake up on de morning
An' lissen de rossignol sing ev'ry place,
Feel sout' win' a-blowin', see clover a-growin',
An' all de worl' laughin' itself on de face.

Mos' ev'ry day raf' it is pass on de rapide,
De voyageurs singin' some ole chanson
'Bout girl down de reever—too bad dey mus' leave her,
But comin' back soon wit' beaucoup d'argent.

An' den w'en de fall an' de winter come roun' us
An' bird of de summer is all fly away,
W'en mebbe she's snowin' an' nort' win' is blowin'
An' night is mos' t'ree tam so long as de day,

You t'ink it was bodder de habitant farmer?
Not at all—he is happy an' feel satisfy,
An' cole may las' good w'ile, so long as de wood-pile
Is ready for burn on de stove by an' bye.

W'en I got plaintee hay put away on de stable
So de sheep an' de cow, dey got no chance to freeze,
An' de hen all togedder—I don't min' de wedder—
De nort' win' may blow jus' so moche as she please.

An' some cole winter night how I wish you can see us,
W'en I smoke on de pipe, an' de ole woman sew
By de stove of T'ree Reever—ma wife's fader geev her
On day we get marry, dat's long tam ago—

De boy an' de girl, dey was readin' its lesson,
De cat on de corner she's bite heem de pup,
Ole "Carleau" he's snorin' an' beeg stove is roarin'
So loud dat I'm scare purty soon she bus' up.

Philomene—dat's de oldes'—is sit on de winder
An' kip jus' so quiet lak wan leetle mouse,
She say de more finer moon never was shiner—
Very fonny, for moon isn't dat side de house.

But purty soon den, we hear foot on de outside,
An' some wan is place it hees han' on de latch,
Dat's Isidore Goulay, las' fall on de Brulé
He's tak' it firs' prize on de grand ploughin' match.

Ha! Ha! Philomene!—dat was smart trick you play us.
Come help de young feller tak' snow from hees neck,
Dere's not'ing for hinder you come off de winder
W'en moon you was look for is come, I expec'—

Isidore, he is tole us de news on de parish
'Bout hees Lajeunesse Colt—travel two forty, sure,
'Bout Jeremie Choquette, come back from Woonsocket
An' t'ree new leetle twin on Madame Vaillancour'.

But nine o'clock strike, an' de chil'ren is sleepy,
Mese'f an' ole woman can't stay up no more
So alone by de fire—'cos dey say dey ain't tire—
We lef' Philomene an' de young Isidore.

I s'pose dey be talkin' beeg lot on de kitchen
'Bout all de nice moon dey was see on de sky,
For Philomene's takin' long tam to get awaken
Nex' day, she's so sleepy on bote of de eye.

Dat's wan of dem t'ings, ev'ry tam on de fashion,
An' 'bout nices' t'ing dat was never be seen.
Got not'ing for say me—I spark it sam' way me
W'en I go see de moder ma girl Philomene.

We leev very quiet 'way back on de countree
Don't put on same style lak de big village,
W'en we don't get de monee you t'ink dat is fonny
An' mak' plaintee sport on de Bottes Sauvages.

But I tole you—dat's true—I don't go on de city
If you geev de fine house an' beaucoup d'argent—
I rader be stay me, an' spen' de las' day me
On farm by de rapide dat's call Cheval Blanc.

—*William Drummond.*

ON A FAVOURITE CAT, DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES

'Twas on a lofty vase's side
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow,
Demurest of the tabby kind
The pensive Selima, reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared:
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes—
She saw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple, to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw
With many an ardent wish
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize—
What female heart can gold despise?
What Cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between—
Malignant Fate sat by and smiled—
The slippery verge her feet beguiled;
She tumbled headlong in!

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to every watery God
Some speedy aid to send:—
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirred,
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard—
A favourite has no friend!

From hence, ye Beauties! undeceived
Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold:
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
Nor all that glisters, gold!

—*Thomas Gray.*

ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND

What have I done for you,
  England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
  England, my own?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
  As the Song on your bugles blown, ,
    England—
  Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful sun,
  England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
  England, my own?
When shall he rejoice again
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
  To the Song on your bugles blown,
    England—
  Down the years on your bugles blown?

Ever the faith endures,
  England, my England:—
'Take and break us: we are yours,
  England, my own!
Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky:
Death is death; but we shall die
  To the Song on your bugles blown,
    England—
  To the stars on your bugles blown!'

They call you proud and hard,
  England, my England:
You with worlds to watch and ward,
  England, my own!
You whose mail'd hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies,
You could know nor dread nor ease
  Were the Song on your bugles blown,
    England—
  Round the Pit on your bugles blown!

Mother of Ships whose might,
  England, my England,
Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
  England, my own,
Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient Sword,
There's the menace of the Word
  In the Song on your bugles blown,
    England—
  Out of heaven on your bugles blown!

—*William Ernest Henley.*

THE SKYLARK

Bird of the wilderness,
  Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
  Emblem of happiness,
  Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
  Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
  Where, on thy dewy wing,
  Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
  O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,

Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

—*James Hogg*

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born

Than ever Triton blew from wreathéd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple nobler than the last
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

CONTENTMENT

"MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW"

Little I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone
(A very plain brown stone will do)
That I may call my own—
And close at hand is such a one
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten;—
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victuals nice;—
My choice would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land; —
Give me a mortgage here and there—
Some good bank-stock—some note of hand
Or trifling railway share;
I only ask that fortune send
A little more than I shall spend.

Honours are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names; —
I would, perhaps, be Plenipo—
But only near St. James;
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things;
One good-sized diamond in a pin,
Some, not so large, in rings;
A ruby, and a pearl or so,
Will do for me—I laugh at show.

My dame shall dress in cheap attire;
(Good heavy silks are never dear);
I own perhaps I might desire
Some shawls of true Cashmere,
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare;
An easy gait—two, forty-five—
Suits me; I do not care;
Perhaps, for just a single spurt,
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures I should like to own
Titians and Raphaels three or four—
I love so much their style and tone—
One Turner, and no more—
(A landscape—foreground golden dirt,
The sunshine painted with a squirt).

Of books but few—some fifty score
For daily use and bound for wear;
The rest upon an upper floor;
Some little luxury there
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems—such things are these
  Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
  And selfish churls deride;
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two meerschaums I would fain possess!

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
  Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
  But all must be of buhl?
Give grasping pomp its double share—
I ask but one recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
  Nor long for Midas' golden touch,
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
  I shall not miss them much—
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
The nobles fill'd the benches, with the ladies in their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sighed:
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled on one another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thunderous smother;

The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through
the air;
Said Francis then, 'Faith, gentlemen, we're better here
than there.'

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beauteous lively
dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always
seemed the same;
She thought, the Count my lover is brave as brave can
be;
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of
me;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will be
mine.

She dropped her glove, to prove his love, then looked at
him and smiled;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild;
The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regained his
place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the
lady's face.
'By Heaven,' said Francis, 'rightly done!' and he rose
from where he sat:
'No love,' quoth he, 'but vanity, sets love a task like
that.'

—*Leigh Hunt.*

The thirst to know and understand,
A large and liberal discontent:
These are the goods in life's rich hand
The things that are more excellent.

—*Watson.*

HYMN TO DIANA

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close:
Bless us then with wishèd sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night—
Goddess excellently bright.

—*Ben Jonson.*

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

The poetry of earth is never dead;
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights; for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills

The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

—*John Keats.*

EVENING

From upland slopes I see the cows file by,
Lowing, great-chested, down the homeward trail,
By dusking fields and meadows shining pale
With moon-tipped dandelions. Flickering high,
A peevish night-hawk in the western sky
Beats up into the lucent solitudes,
Or drops with griding wing. The stilly woods
Grow dark and deep and gloom mysteriously.
Cool night winds creep, and whisper in mine ear.
The homely cricket gossips at my feet.
From far-off pools and wastes of reeds I hear,
Clear and soft-piped, the chanting frogs break sweet
In full Pandean chorus. One by one
Shine out the stars, and the great night comes on.

—*Archibald Lampman.*

MY LOST YOUTH

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song
It murmurs and whispers still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the ships,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And the Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.
And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the schoolboy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
  And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,.
And among the dreams of the days that were,
  I find my lost youth again.
  And the strange and beautiful song,
  The groves are repeating it still:
  "A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

—*Longfellow.*

OUT OF BABYLON

Their looks for me are bitter,
  And bitter is their word—
I may not glance behind unseen,
  I may not sigh unheard.

So fare we forth from Babylon,
  Along the road of stone;
And none looks back to Babylon
  Save I—save I alone!

My mother's eyes are glory filled
  (Save when they fall on me);
The shining of my father's face
  I tremble when I see!

For they were slaves in Babylon,
  And now they're walking free—
They leave their chains in Babylon,
  I bear my chains with me!

At night a sound of singing
  The vast encampment fills;
"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!"
  It sweeps the nearing hills—

But no one sings of Babylon
(Their home of yesterday);
And no one prays for Babylon,
And I—I dare not pray!

Last night the Prophet saw me;
And, while he held me there,
The holy fire within his eyes
Burned all my secrets bare.

"What! Sigh you so for Babylon?"
(I turned away my face)
"Here's one who turns to Babylon,
Heart-traitor to her race!"

I follow and I follow!
My heart upon the rack;
I follow to Jerusalem—
The long road stretches back

To Babylon, to Babylon!
And every step I take
Bears further off from Babylon
A heart that cannot break!

—*Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.*

THE BELLS OF SHANDON

With deep affection,
And recollection,
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling around my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder

Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
  Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
  Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate—
But all their music
  Spoke naught like thine;
For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
  Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
  From the Vatican.
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
  Of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
  Pealing solemnly—

O, the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk O!
In Saint Sophia
  The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summits
  Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
  More dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the River Lee.

Fr. Mahony (Father Prout).

A BALLAD FOR BRAVE WOMEN

A story worth telling our annals afford,
'Tis the wonderful journey of Laura Secord!
Her poor crippled spouse hobbled home with the news,
That Bœrstler was nigh! "Not a minute to lose,
Not an instant," said Laura, "for stoppage or pause—
I must hurry and warn our brave troops at Decaw's."
"What! you!" said her husband, "to famish and tire!"
"Yes, me!" said brave Laura, her bosom on fire.
"And how will you pass the gruff sentry," said he,
"Who is posted so near us?"

"Just wait till you see;
The foe is approaching, and means to surprise
Our troops, as you tell me. Oh, husband, there flies
No dove with a message so needful as this—
I'll take it, I'll bear it. Good-bye, with a kiss."
Then a biscuit she ate, tucked her skirts well about,
And a bucket she slung on each arm, and went out.

'Twas the bright blush of dawn, when the stars melt from sight,
Dissolved by its breath like a dream of the night;
When Heaven seems opening on man and his pain,
Ere the rude day strengthens and shuts it again.
But Laura had eyes for her duty alone—
She marked not the glow and the gloom that were thrown
By the nurslings of morn, by the cloud-lands at rest,
By the spells of the East, and the weirds of the West.
Behind was the foe, full of craft and of guile;
Before her, a long day of travel and toil.
"No time this for gazing" said Laura, as near
To the sentry she drew.

"Halt! You cannot pass here."
"I cannot pass here! Why, sirrah, you drowse,
Are you blind? Don't you see I am off to my cows?"
"Well, well, you can go." So she wended her way
To the pasture's lone side, where the farthest cow lay,
Got her up, caught a teat, and, with pail at her knees,
Made her budge, inch by inch, till she drew by degrees
To the edge of the forest. "I've hoaxed, on my word,
Both you and the sentry," said Laura Secord.

With a lingering look at her home, then away
She sped through the wild wood—a wilderness gray—
Nature's privacy, haunt of a virgin sublime,
And the mother who bore her, as ancient as Time;
Where the linden had space for its fans and its flowers,
The balsam its tents, and the cedar its bowers;
Where the lord of the forest, the oak, had its realm,
The ash its domain, and its kingdom the elm;

Where the pine bowed its antlers in tempests, and gave
To the ocean of leaves the wild dash of the wave;
And the mystical hemlock—the forest's high-priest—
Hung its weird, raking, top-gallant branch to the east.

And denser and deeper the solitude grew,
The underwood thickened, and drenched her with dew;
She tripped over moss-covered logs, fell, arose,
Sped, and stumbled again by the hour, till her clothes
Were rent by the branches and thorns, and her feet
Grew tender and way-worn and blistered with heat.
And on, ever on, through the forest she passed,
Her soul in her task, but each pulse beating fast,
For shadowy forms seemed to flit from the glades,
And beckon her into their limitless shades;
And mystical sounds—in the forest alone,
Ah! who has not heard them?—the voices, the moan,
Or the sigh of mute nature, which sinks on the ear,
And fills us with sadness or thrills us with fear?
And who, lone and lost in the wilderness deep,
Has not felt the strange fancies, the tremors which creep
And assemble within, till the heart 'gins to fail,
The courage to flinch, and the cheeks to grow pale,
'Midst the shadows which mantle the spirit that broods
In the sombre, the deep haunted heart of the woods?

She stopped—it was noonday. The wilds she espied
Seemed solitudes measureless. "Help me!" she cried;
Her piteous lips parched with thirst, and her eyes
Strained with gazing. The sun in his infinite skies
Looked down on no creature more hapless than she.
For woman is woman where'er she may be.
For a moment she faltered, then came to her side
The heroine's spirit—the Angel of Pride.
One moment she faltered. Beware! What is this?
The coil of the serpent! the rattlesnake's hiss!
One moment, then onward. What sounds far and near?
The howl of the wolf, yet she turned not in fear,

Nor bent from her course till her eye caught a gleam,
From the woods, of a meadow through which flowed a stream,
Pure and sweet with the savour of leaf and of flower,
By the night-dew distilled and the soft forest shower;
Pure and cold as its spring in the rock crystalline,
Whence it gurgled and gushed 'twixt the roots of the pine.

And blest above bliss is the pleasure of thirst,
Where there's water to quench it; for pleasure is nursed
In the cradle of pain, and twin marvels are they
Whose interdependence is born with our clay.
Yes, blessed is water, and blessed is thirst,
Where there's water to quench it; but this is the worst
Of this life, that we reck not the blessings God sends,
Till denied them. But Laura, who felt she had friends
In Heaven, as well as on earth, knew to thank
The Giver of all things, and gratefully drank.

Once more on the pathway, through swamp and through mire,
Through covert and thicket, through bramble and brier,
She toiled to the highway, then over the hill,
And down the deep valley, and past the new mill,
And through the next woods, till at sunset, she came
To the first British picket and murmured her name;
Thence, guarded by Indians, footsore and pale,
She was led to Fitzgibbon, and told him her tale.

For a moment her reason forsook her; she raved,
She laughed, and she cried—"They are saved, they are saved!"
Then her senses returned, and, with thanks loud and deep
Sounding sweetly around her, she sank into sleep.
And Bœrstler came up, but his movements were known,
His force was surrounded, his scheme was o'erthrown.
By a woman's devotion—on stone be't engraved—
The foeman was beaten, and Burlington saved.

Ah! faithful to death were our women of yore!
Have they fled with the past, to be heard of no more?
No, no! Though this laurelled one sleeps in the grave,
We have maidens as true, we have matrons as brave;
And should Canada ever be forced to the test—
To spend for our country the blood of her best—
When her sons lift the linstock and brandish the sword,
Her daughters will think of brave Laura Secord.

—*Charles Mair.*

JACQUES CARTIER

In the seaport of St. Malo, 'twas a smiling morn in May,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;
In the crowded old cathedral, all the town were on their knees,
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas;
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier
Filled manly hearts with sorrow, and gentle hearts with fear.

A year passed o'er St. Malo—again came round the day
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;
But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went,
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent;
And manly hearts were filled with gloom, and gentle hearts with fear,
When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the year.

But the Earth is as the Future,—it hath its hidden side,
And the captain of St. Malo was rejoicing in his pride,
In the forests of the North—while his townsmen mourned his loss,
He was rearing on Mount Royal the *fleur-de-lis* and cross;
And when two months were over, and added to the year,
St. Malo hailed him home again, cheer answering to cheer.

He told them of a region hard, iron-bound, and cold,
Nor seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold;
Where the wind from Thulé freezes the word upon the lip,
And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early ship;

He told them of the frozen scene, until they thrilled with fear,
And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make him better cheer.

But when he chang'd the strain,—he told how soon are cast
In early spring the fetters that hold the waters fast;
How the winter causeway, broken, is drifted out to sea,
And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem of the free;
How the magic wand of summer clad the landscape to his eyes,
Like the dry bones of the just when they wake in Paradise.

He told them of the Algonquin braves—the hunters of the wild;
Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child;
Of how, poor souls, they fancy in every living thing
A spirit good or evil, that claims their worshipping;
Of how they brought their sick and maim'd for him to breathe upon;
And of the wonders wrought for them, thro' the Gospel of St. John.

He told them of the river, whose mighty current gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny wave;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,
What time he reared the cross and crown on Hochelaga's height;
And of the fortress cliff, that keeps of Canada the key;—
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils over sea.

—*Thomas D'Arcy McGee.*

ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide,
"Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd?"
I fondly ask; But patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts, who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait."

—*John Milton.*

PERE LALEMANT

I lift the Lord on high,
Under the murmuring hemlock boughs, and see
The small birds of the forest lingering by
And making melody.
These are mine acolytes and these my choir,
And this mine altar in the cool green shade,
Where the wild soft-eyed does draw nigh
Wondering, as in the byre
Of Bethlehem the oxen heard Thy cry
And saw Thee, unafraid.

My boatmen sit apart,
Wolf-eyed, wolf-sinewed, stiller than the trees.
Help me, O Lord, for very slow of heart
And hard of faith are these.
Cruel are they, yet Thy children. Foul are they,

Yet wert Thou born to save them utterly.
Then make me as I pray,
Just to their hates, kind to their sorrows, wise
After their speech, and strong before their free
Indomitable eyes.

Do the French lilies reign
Over Mont Royal and Stadacona still?
Up the St. Lawrence comes the spring again,
Crowning each southward hill
And blossoming pool with beauty, while I roam
Far from the perilous folds that are my home,
There where we built St. Ignace for our needs,
Shaped the rough roof tree, turned the first sweet sod,
St. Ignace and St. Louis, little beads
On the rosary of God.

Pines shall Thy pillars be
Fairer than those Sidonian cedars brought
By Hiram out of Tyre, and each birch-tree
Shines like a holy thought.
But come no worshippers; shall I confess,
St. Francis-like, the birds of the wilderness?
O, with Thy love my lonely head uphold.
A wandering shepherd I, who hath no sheep;
A wandering soul, who hath no scrip, nor gold,
Nor anywhere to sleep.

My hour of rest is done;
On the smooth ripple lifts the long canoe;
The hemlocks murmur sadly as the sun
Slants his dim arrows through.
Whither I go I know not, nor the way,
Dark with strange passions, vexed with heathen charms,
Holding I know not what of life or death;
Only be Thou beside me day by day,
Thy rod my guide and comfort, underneath
Thy everlasting arms.

—*Marjorie Pickthall.*

THE RAVEN

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
' 'Tis some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more.'

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
' 'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is and nothing more.'

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
'Sir,' said I, 'or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you.'—Here I opened wide the door;—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, 'Lenore!'
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, 'Lenore!'
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
'Surely,' said I, 'surely that is something at my window-lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore:—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;
'Tis the wind and nothing more!'

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,' I said, 'art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!'
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as 'Nevermore.'

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, 'Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.'
Then the bird said, 'Nevermore.'

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
'Doubtless,' said I, 'what it utters is its only stock and store

Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore
Of "Never,—nevermore."'

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking 'Nevermore.'

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer,
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
'Wretch,' I cried, 'thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore;
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!'
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me I implore!'
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet,' said I, 'thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within that distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.'
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!' I shrieked, upstarting—
'Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!'
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,

And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

—*Edgar Allan Poe*

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

I stood upon the plain
That had trembled when the slain
Hurled their proud defiant curses at the battle-heated foe;
When the steed dashed right and left
Through the bloody gaps he cleft,
When the bridle-rein was broken and the rider was laid low.

What busy feet had trod
Upon the very sod
Where I marshalled the battalions of my fancy to my aid!
And I saw the combat dire,
Heard the quick incessant fire,
And the cannons' echoes startling the reverberating glade.

I heard the chorus dire,
That jarred along the lyre
On which the hymn of battle rung, like surgings of the wave,
When the storm at blackest night
Wakes the ocean in affright,
As it shouts its mighty pibroch o'er some shipwrecked vessel's grave.

I saw the broad claymore
Flash from its scabbard, o'er
The ranks that quailed and shuddered at the close and fierce attack;

When victory gave the word
Auld Scotia drew the sword,
And with arms that never faltered drove the brave defenders back.

I saw two great chiefs die,
Their last breaths like the sigh
Of the zephyr-sprite that wantons on the rosy lips of morn;
No enemy-poisoned darts,
No rancour in their hearts,
To unfit them for their triumph over death's impending scorn.

And, as I thought and gazed,
My soul exultant praised
The power to whom each mighty act and victory are due,
For the saint-like peace that smiled
Like a heaven-gifted child,
And for the air of quietude that steeped the distant view.

Oh, rare divinest life,
Of peace compared with strife!
Yours is the truest splendour and the most enduring fame,
All the glory ever reaped
Where the fiends of battle leaped
In harsh discord to the music of your undertoned acclaim.

—*Charles Sangster.*

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—*P. J. Bailey.*

FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU

(From *The Lady of the Lake.*)

The chief in silence strode before,
And reach'd that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore, her eagle wings unfurl'd.
And here his course the chieftain staid,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said:—
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here, all vantageless I stand,
Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand:
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

The Saxon paused:—"I ne'er delay'd,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay more, brave chief, I vow'd thy death:
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved:
Can nought but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?"—"No, stranger, none!
And hear,—to fire the flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead:

'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.' "
"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
"The riddle is already read.
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favour free,
I plight mine honour, oath, and word,
That, to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand,
That aids thee now to guard thy land."

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye—
"Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate:—
My clansman's blood demands revenge.
Not yet prepared?—By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valour light
As that of some vain carpet knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair."—
"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!—
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud chief! can courtesy be shown;
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,

Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."
Then each at once his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each look'd to sun and stream and plain,
As what they ne'er might see again;
Then foot and point and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dash'd aside;
For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield;
He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintain'd unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood:
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And shower'd his blows like wintry rain;
And, as firm rock or castle-roof
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe invulnerable still
Foil'd his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud chieftain to his knee.

"Now, yield thee, or by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die."

—Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
Received, but reck'd not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round.—
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
Through bars of brass and triple steel!—
They tug, they strain! down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The chieftain's gripe his throat compress'd,
His knee was planted on his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright!—
—But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game;
For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,
Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye.
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting chief's relaxing grasp;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

All places that the eye of Heaven visits
Are to the wise man ports and happy havens.

—*Shakespeare.*

IN MEMORIAM: CAPTAIN SCOTT, R.N.

AND HIS GALLANT COMRADES WHO REACHED THE SOUTH POLE IN JANUARY, 1912, AND DIED ON THEIR HOMEWARD WAY.

(*Reprinted by the special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."*)

Not for the fame that crowns a gallant deed
Steadfast of purpose, resolute at need
They fixed their fearless eyes on that far goal,
To give their lives for toll.

But in the service of their kind they fared,
To probe the secrets which the jealous Earth
Yields only as the prize of perils dared,
The wage of proven worth.

So on their record, writ for all to know—
The task achieved, the homeward way half won—
Though cold they lie beneath their pall of snow,
Shines the eternal sun.

O hearts of metal pure as finest gold!
O great ensample, where our sons may trace,
Too proud for tears, their birthright from of old,
Heirs of the Island Race!

—*Owen Seaman.*

Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleave of care
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

—*Shakespeare.*

MERCY

PORTIA. Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

DUKE. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

PORTIA. Is your name Shylock?

SHYLOCK. Shylock is my name.

PORTIA. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?

ANTONIO. Ay, so he says.

PORTIA. Do you confess the bond?

ANTONIO. I do.

PORTIA. Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHYLOCK. On what compulsion must I? tell me that?

PORTIA. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptered sway;
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy:
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

SHYLOCK. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

—*William Shakespeare.*

ENGLAND

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessèd plot, this earth, this realm, this England!

—*William Shakespeare.*

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN

. . . All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice;
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,

With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

—*William Shakespeare.*

THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rock'd to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits.

Over earth and ocean with gentle motion
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the Genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills and the crags and the hills,

Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead:
As on the jag of a mountain crag
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe from the lit sea beneath
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the Moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.

From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,—
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the Powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist Earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
And the nursling of the Sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when with never a stain
The pavilion of Heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

Oh for a booke and a shadie nooke,
Eyther in doore or out;
With the grene leaves whispering overhead
Or the streete cryes all about,
Where I maie reade all at my ease,
Both of the newe and old;
For a jollie goode booke whereon to looke,
Is better to me than golde.

Old English Song.

THE VAGABOND

Give to me the life I love,
  Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above
  And the by-way nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
  Bread I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me,
  There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
  Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around
  And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
  Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above
  And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
  Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
  Biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field—
  Warm the fireside haven—
Not to autumn will I yield,
  Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,
  Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around
  And the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
  Nor a friend to know me.
All I ask, the heaven above,
  And the road below me.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

A PROPHECY

(From Locksley Hall)

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue:

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunderstorm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world. . .

—*Tennyson.*

Like the dew on the mountain
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone and forever.

—*Scott.*

THE GREEN LINNET

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread
  Of Spring's unclouded weather,
In this sequester'd nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat!
And flowers and birds once more to greet,
  My last year's friends together.

One have I mark'd, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest:
Hail to Thee, far above the rest
  In joy of voice and pinion!
Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,
Presiding Spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May,
  And this is thy dominion.

While birds and butterflies and flowers
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
  Art sole in thy employment;
A Life, a Presence like the air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too blest with any one to pair,
  Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstasies
  Yet seeming still to hover;
There! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings
  That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives—
A brother of the dancing leaves;
Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves
  Pours forth his song in gushes;
As if by that exulting strain
He mock'd and treated with disdain
The voiceless Form he chose to feign
  While fluttering in the bushes.

—*William Wordsworth.*

TO THE CUCKOO

O blithe New-comer! I have heard,
  I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
  Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
  Thy twofold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
  At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale,
  Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
  Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
  Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
  A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my schoolboy days
  I listened to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
  In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessèd Bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial faery place:
That is fit home for Thee!

—*William Wordsworth.*

I WANDERED LONELY

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line,
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

—*William Wordsworth.*

TO A SKYLARK

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted strain
—'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
Yet mightst thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood:
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine:
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam—
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

—*William Wordsworth.*

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

—*Shakespeare.*

THE SOLITARY REAPER

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

—*William Wordsworth.*

THE DESERT SHALL REJOICE

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon; they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God.

Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees.

Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not: behold your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; he will come and save you.

Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped:

Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass, with reeds and rushes.

And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.

No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there: but the redeemed shall walk there.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

—*Isaiah xxxv.*

THE GLORY OF GOD

The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament sheweth his handiwork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language;
Their voice cannot be heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world.
In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course.
His going forth is from the end of the heaven,
And his circuit unto the ends of it:
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, restoring the soul:
The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.
The precepts of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:
The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.
The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever:
The judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.
More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:
Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.
Moreover by them is thy servant warned:
In keeping of them there is great reward.

—*Psalm xix.*

And here the singer for his Art
Not all in vain may plead;
The song that nerves a nation's heart
Is in itself a deed.

—*Tennyson.*

WISDOM

Happy is the man that findeth Wisdom,
And the man that getteth understanding:
For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver,
And the gain thereof than fine gold.
She is more precious than rubies:
And all the things thou canst desire
Are not to be compared unto her.
Length of days is in her right hand;
And in her left hand riches and honour.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

—*Proverbs iii,* 13-17.

THE FIELD OF THE SLOTHFUL

I went by the field of the slothful,
And by the vineyard of the man void of understanding;
And, lo, it was all grown over with thorns,
And nettles had covered the face thereof,
And the stone wall thereof was broken down.
Then I saw, and considered it well:

I looked upon it, and received instruction.
Yet a little sleep, a little slumber,
A little folding of the hands to sleep:
So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth;
And thy want as an armed man.

—*Proverbs xxiv,* 30-34.

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.

—*Dryden.*

NOTES

PART I

CANADA

This poem was written in 1880, when the writer, then the Marquis of Lorne, was Governor-General of Canada.

guerdon. Reward.

triple crosses. The crosses that make up the Union Jack.

LAUGHING SONG

This poem shows Blake's love of Nature, of simple life, and of children.

painted birds. An allusion to the bright coloring of the birds.

QUEBEC

The main and newer part of Quebec is built on a plateau, the Old Town at the foot.

cannon grim. Souvenirs on the Plains of Abraham, reserved as a park.

the grey old city. Grey because of its age, or perhaps a reference to the stone walls of the Citadel.

The writer is touched by the charm of Quebec, a charm felt by all visitors, the blending of the romance of the past with the natural beauty of its location.

THE BANKS O' DOON

There are three versions of this well-known and affecting song. Many persons prefer the version of the text to the more elaborate and more popular one, "Ye Banks and Braes O' Bonie Doon," which is as follows:—

Ye banks and braes o'bonie Doon,
  How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
  And I sae weary fu' o' care!
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
  That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
  Departed never to return.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its Love;
And fondly sae did I o' mine;
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree.
And my fause Lover staw my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Bring to your class any pictures of the Burns Country you may have.
blume. Bloom.
sae fu'. So full.
fause. False.
ilka. Every
pu'd. Pulled.
staw. Stole.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

for a' that. For all that.
the guinea stamp. The inscription on a coin is not the important part.
hoddin-grey. A coarse wool cloth.
tinsel-show. Not genuine.
birkie. A spirited fellow.
coof. Fool.
riband, star. Insignia of certain orders, such as Knight of the Garter.
aboon his might. It is beyond the power of a king to make an honest man, though he can create nobles.
he mauna fa' that. He cannot manage that.
bear the gree. Carry off the prize.

THE MASTER OF THE SCUD

Kingsport. A Nova Scotia port.
snoring. Driven quickly along by a strong wind.
scuppers. Holes through the bulwarks to allow water to run off the deck.
yeast. Foam.,
Minudie to Manan. See Geography of the Bay of Fundy.
this slip. Young lad.
flauts. Flakes of foam (also spelled, flaughts).
taffrail. Railing at the stern of the vessel.
the Gut. The Strait.
the basin. The Basin of Minas.

(Whilst these notes were being set up Bliss Carman "ceased to be". The editors will long remember the kindly courtesy of Bliss Carman's letters in which he gave hearty permission to use his poems for this anthology. He was a great poet, a noble Canadian.)

THE SHIPS OF ST. JOHN

Many wooden ships were built in the ship yards of St. John, New Brunswick, forty or more years ago.

Iron steamships took the place of the spruce-built sailing ships. **Out on the flood.** That is when the tide was in. The height of tidal water in the Bay of Fundy at St. John is one of the wonders of Nature.

AN APRIL DAY

This poem has been attributed by some to Chaucer, a great English poet of the fourteenth century.

Note in the poem the many beautiful pictures he causes you to see with your mind's eye, such as "low-hung clouds," "waving boughs," "rain's continuous sound," "leafy thickness," "dimples on the stream."

Of course the poem is not printed as Chaucer spelled it. The words are modernized.

ALLITERATION is the name for the repetition of the same letter at the beginning of two or more words immediately succeeding each other or at short intervals (as in "**a**pt **a**lliteration's **a**rtful **a**id"). Note "life-living," "bough-bird," "fast-fall," etc. As you read poetry note how frequently alliteration is used for its musical value.

Look up in a good dictionary the word "methinks."

AS SHIPS BECALM'D AT EVE

Clough compares the separation of ships which at eve were side by side to the separation of mortals who become "estranged." Let each strive on, true to the highest and best. Both will reach the same port.

wist. Knew.

veer. Change the direction so as to bring the ships together again.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

This is a famous sea-song, set to music. It is a tribute to the oak sailing vessels of Britain.

snoring breeze. Heavy breeze.

lee. The side away from the wind.

THE MAPLE

Why should we have so many poems about the Maple? Bring to your teacher other poems on the Maple. What one did Alexander Muir write?

B.J. Hales says "No trees are so closely connected with Canadian traditions and history as the maples. If we can be said to have a national tree it is the maple. There are a number of maples, all noble trees, with broad, palmately lobed leaves, and just which one should be considered as furnishing the maple leaf of Canada is a matter of some confusion. There seems little doubt, however, that the tree which so impressed the early settlers that it became closely associated with the growing colony was the hard or sugar maple. It was the most

prevalent on the eastern side of the continent, where it formed extensive forests. Its wood soon became regarded as the most valuable fuel, and from its sap was made the maple sugar of the pioneer days. In the Fall its leaves became brilliant crimson or gold, giving color on a scale never furnished by any other tree. No tree touched the lives of the people at so many points, or was so likely to be regarded by the immigrant as standing for the land of his adoption."

Why "changeful dress"? Why "dark browed firs"? What are the "crimson glories"? What are "sugar-woods"? "welling- juices"? "icy sleep"?

umbrageous. Forming a shade.

THE LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD

The Birkenhead sank in Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, in 1852. Yule has written a poem called The Birkenhead which ends:—

> "But as thou (Britain) weepest, thank
> Heaven for those undegenerate sons who sank
> Aboard the Birkenhead in Simon's Bay."

TO DAFFODILS

Herrick was a Church of England clergyman who besides attending to the duties of his parish found time to write over one thousand poems on all kinds of subjects.

In this poem he compares the shortness of human life to short-lived daffodils.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

Thomas Hood, an Irish poet, here shows a feeling that is apt to come to most people when they are getting old—a remembrance of early days mingled with the pathos of realizing that the ones we loved are no longer with us.

In stanza two, note the pathos, "The tree is living yet!"

Note the contrasts in other stanzas.

What does he mean in the last three lines?

FAITHLESS NELLIE GRAY

This poem is an example of Hood's humorous poetry—a great contrast to the preceding poem.

Forty-second Foot. An infantry regiment.

devours. Devoirs, or respects.

THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS

This poem first appeared in 1894. Pauline Johnson's poems are collected in "Flint and Feather," a book which all should read. Her

poems breathe her love for outdoor life. Note the harmony of sound and sense; and the sympathy she has with nature in all her moods. For example, note the swift movement of the verse as the poetess describes the passage of the swift part of the river and then the quiet movement as the broader, lower, slower parts of the river are reached.

lateen. A triangular sail frequently used on small boats.

TRUE GREATNESS

Ben Jonson was a friend of Shakespeare and a writer of excellent plays. He also wrote some fine lyrics of which this is one of the best.

Note the simile in the first lines. Which is the fairer, the oak or the lily?

Does a long life mean a perfect life?

IF

Lines 17-20 seem to mean that we should put our best into something worth while and then, if we fail, start over again with vigor and courage.

Lines 29 and 30 state that each minute should be filled with a minute's good work, or else the minute will not forgive us.

A JANUARY MORNING

Note the picture of the woodmen's sleighs. Explain "cheeks ablaze," "squeakings," "frost-fringed."

Give examples of alliteration in this poem. Do they add music to the lines?

Read an account of the life of Lampman. He is one of our best Canadian poets and you should know something about him.

A THUNDERSTORM

"windrack". Broken clouds.

Can you discover any expressions common to Lowell and Lampman in their description of a storm? Any alliteration? Any words highly descriptive, as, "thunder-crash"?

A SUMMER STORM

Look up in an encyclopedia something about Lowell. Get the names of some of his books and poems. Have you read "The Vision of Sir Launfal?"

Explain "crookedly crawling," "fitful rest," "tramples the grass."

Show how appropriate are the following adjectives: 'rattling' thun-

der, 'tattered' foliage, 'blue' lightning, 'quivering' flash, 'wildering' crash.

Note the appropriateness of the closing lines.

Give examples of alliteration.

YUSSOUF

It is said to be an unwritten law of the Arabian deserts that the wayfarer who comes into an Arab's tent must not be turned away unhelped and unbefriended. Many are the stories told of Arab hospitality shown even to personal enemies.

Explain the "light" which shines from "self-conquest".

Sheik. A title of dignity properly belonging to the chiefs of the Arabic tribes or clans, but frequently used among Moslems as a title of respect or reverence.

THE SONG OF THE SKI

bacchanal. Reveller (literally, a follower of Bacchus, the god of wine).

sybarite. A person devoted to luxury or pleasure (Sybaris, a Greek town in Italy the inhabitants of which were lovers of ease and pleasure).

REYNARD THE FOX

Masefield, a modern English poet, has written some very interesting poems, full of action. This one depicts a fox-hunt in England. The whole poem should be read, if possible.

flitches. Sides.

pads. Soft underpart of the foot.

ramp. A slope or incline.

Note the strange phrase—"To catch the smell of the distant sound." The fox escapes, though its "earth" was barred.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

In this poem we find ideas similar to those of Hood in his poem "I Remember, I Remember."

MIRIAM'S SONG

This poem is based on the Song of Miriam, sister of Moses, as recorded in Exodus XV, 20, 21.

THE TORCH OF LIFE

Close. The school grounds. Newbolt has in mind one of the famous Public Schools of England, such as Rugby or Eton.

a ribboned coat. We give letters or colors to our athletes.

The poet suggests that the same spirit which causes boys to strive for their school should actuate them in their life after school days are done.

THE BELLS

In this poem we have a splendid example of onomatopeia, that figure in which words are chosen to interpret by their sounds the meanings of the words.

Runic rhyme. Teutonic and Celtic poetry.

monody. A plaintive song.

ghouls. Supposed demons who rob graves and eat the dead.

paean. A triumphal song.

'WELL DONE "CALLIOPE"!'

On March 16, 1889, a hurricane swept the South Pacific. In the harbor of Apia, in the Samoa Islands, lay at anchor many vessels. The storm caused heavy tidal waves which swept into the harbor with terrific violence. The American warship **Nipsic** was cast on the beach, and two other American warships, **Trenton** and **Vandalia** were sunk, and two German warships **Olga** and **Eber** were wrecked. The British warship **Calliope** was in the harbor at that time, and the captain, seeing the ruin around him, got up steam, stood out to sea, and succeeded in escaping destruction. As he slowly made his way out to sea, he was greeted with cheers by the others who remained confined in the harbor to their destruction.

bower. An anchor.

What is meant by **sea-room**?

UP-HILL

The journey of life with its difficulties is compared to a hard climb up-hill till we reach the "inn"—death and rest.

LOCHINVAR

This delightful song is to be found in the 12th Section of Canto V of **Marmion,** A Tale of Flodden Field. It is sung by Lady Heron to King James. You should read the entire poem; it is one of Sir Walter Scott's best.

Lochinvar. The hero of the song is Gordon of Lochinvar, a castle on the shore of Loch Lochinvar in Kirkcudbrightshire, Scotland, the seat of the Gordon family.

Border. The borderland between England and Scotland was for many generations the scene of almost continuous warfare. Have you seen "Wilson's Tales of the Border?"

brake. Thicket.

Eske River. Flows into the Solway Firth.

Netherby. This is a castle near Carlisle which is in Cumberland, England, and was the seat of the Graham (Greame) family.

like the Solway. The tides in the Solway advance with great rapidity.

measure. Dance.

kissed the goblet. An old custom was for the lady to kiss the goblet before the health was drunk.
galliard. A lively dance, originally Spanish.
croupe. Behind the saddle.
scaur. A cliff.
Forsters, Fenwicks, etc. Families on the English side of the Border, friends of the Graemes.
Cannobie Lee. A plain in the valley of the Eske, near the Border.

LOVE OF COUNTRY

This selection is taken from The Lay of the Last Minstrel. It should be memorized.

HOW SWEET THE MOONLIGHT

This passage is taken from The Merchant of Venice, Act V, Sc. I.
patines of bright gold. The stars. Patines are small dishes which hold the consecrated bread in the sacrament.

In the last part of the selection Lorenzo refers to the so-called Music of the Spheres.
quiring. Singing as in a choir.

DAYBREAK

rooks. Birds resembling crows, differing from them in not feeding on carrion but on insects and grain. What is a "rookery"?

EVENING

cinereous. Having the color of woodashes.

CHRISTMAS AT SEA

Stevenson tells of a boy who on Christmas Day was in sight of his father's home as the vessel "tacked" to and fro trying to avoid dashing on the headlands at the entrance to the harbor.

The last stanza describes the young sailor's feelings when the ship finally gets out into the open sea.
sheets. Sails.
a-lee. On the side opposite to the direction of the wind.
instanter. Immediately.
tack'd. That is, changed direction to avoid striking the rocky headlands at the harbor-mouth.
cold as charity. What does this common expression mean?
smelt up to windward. The ship got into such a position that she could put out to sea.

DORA

In this poem Tennyson tells the story of an English farmer and his family. The character of Dora is worthy of study.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

Wordsworth emphasizes the happiness of Nature. What seems to be his idea of man?

TO THE DAISY

thorough. Through.
unblest. Unhappy.

What lesson may we get from the Daisy?

WE MUST BE FREE

This poem was written when Britain was threatened with invasion by Napoleon, in 1803.

Note the metaphor which speaks of British freedom as a mighty river which has been flowing for centuries, despite checks or hindrances at various times.

Wordsworth does not think it possible that there is any danger of losing that freedom. Why?

THE TABLES TURNED

In a previous poem he writes of a friend who urged the poet to come into the house and learn from books, the "light" and "spirit" they can give.

Here we have Wordsworth replying that Nature will teach far more than one can get from books.

Come out, he urges, and hear the birds sing, and learn wisdom, truth, and morality.

Books! 'tis a dull and less strife. Is the poet thinking of the words of Solomon "Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness to the flesh?"

Our meddling intellect. Perhaps Keats had the same idea when he wrote:

> Do not all charms fly
> At the mere touch of cold philosophy?

barren leaves. The pages of a book.

THE GREATNESS OF LOVE

through a glass darkly. Now we see indistinctly.

Note the perfect balance of the sentences—the fine contrasts in this passage.

PART II

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

The poet wishes for all men the Christmas spirit of "peace and good-will". In Stanza 7 is a reference to Great Britain and the United States. In the following stanza he suggests that the people of the latter country admire greatly Alfred the Great and Shakespeare. In stanza 9, the poet wishes the Christmas message to be wafted to that part of the Empire where the Southern Cross shines as well as to Canada where shines the "Northern Star."

TIGER

burning bright. Eyes shining brightly.

In lines 5 and 6 the poet thinks of the stars when he sees in imagination the glaring eyes of the tiger.

In 9 and 10, what hand, except the hand of God, could have fashioned so fierce and strong a creature as the tiger?

Stanza 5. When the angels wept to see an animal so dreadful, did God smile?

Arlo Bates suggests that God smiled because He knew why He had made the tiger as well as the lamb and could see that all would be right.

A PASSER-BY

Dr. Bridges, the poet-laureate of Great Britain, traces, in imagination, the course of a vessel sailing to a distant port, which, quick as thought, he reaches.

He wonders, in the last stanza whether the ship has not a more joyful purpose, a more certain port, than the poet himself.

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL

First published in **Hood's Magazine,** August, 1844.

Theocrite was a craftsman, probably named after the Greek poet who wrote pastoral poetry. Blaise is named after Blasius, a Christian martyr, patron of wool-combers. Gabriel appears in the Bible as an archangel.

tiring-room. Attiring room in which he puts on his "holy vestments."

dight. Adorned.

Why did God wish Theocrite back at his work?

DUNCAN GRAY

Few of Burns's songs acquired a more rapid popularity than this; it is so thoroughly pointed and natural throughout.

cam. Came. **Yule.** Christmas. **fou.** Merry. **coost.** Tossed. **asklent.** Sideways. **unco skeigh.** Very disdainful. **gart.** Made.

abeigh. Aloof. **fleech'd.** Begged. **Aisla Craig.** A rocky islet in the Clyde.
baith. Both. **grat.** Wept. **bleer't and blin'.** Red and dim.
lowpin. Leaping. **ower a linn.** Over a rocky waterfall.
sair. Sore. **hizzie.** Huzzy or jade. **sic.** Such. **smoor'd.** Smothered.
crouse. Lively. **canty baith.** Happy both.

Students must not forget that the line "Ha, ha, the wooing o't" should be repeated in stanzas 2, 3, 4, and 5, exactly as in stanza 1.

SCOTS WHA' HAE

One of the most famous of the poems of Robert Burns. Burns in a letter to Lord Buchan wrote "I have rarely met with anything in history which interests my feelings as a man, equal with the story of Bannockburn." This battle was fought on June 24, 1314. In the poem Burns expresses what he imagines Bruce must have said to his soldiers as King Edward's mighty army approached the position of the Scots.
wha hae wi'. Who have with. **wham.** Whom. **aften.** Often.

THE OCEAN

This selection is taken from a long poem by Byron, entitled Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.
The oak leviathans. The warships. **clay creator.** Man.
Armada's pride. We have an allusion to the storms which did so much to destroy the so-called "Invincible Armada."

In the last line of stanza 3 occurs the word "lay". Is this strictly good usage? Why?

In stanza 5 there is a contrast between the "unchangeable" ocean and the transitory empires which were about the shores of the Mediterranean.

In the last stanza we note the poet's love of the sea.

THE JOYS OF THE ROAD

In this poem Carman shows himself as a lover of the woods, the fields, the sea.

THE DONKEY

For I also had my hour. An allusion to the entrance of Christ into Jerusalem on the first Palm Sunday (See St. Matthew, xxi 5-9)

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH

In a series of metaphors, Clough urges the necessity of striving for the right even though there may seem little chance of success.

11, 12. While your efforts may seem to make little headway, the cause of right may be advancing as a sea.

15, 16. The light may come but slowly: yet the brightness of it illumines the world. ("Let your light so shine.")

DE HABITANT

Dr. Drummond, of Montreal, was the poet of the French Canadian habitant whose love of home and quiet humor are here so pleasingly expressed.

arpent. A land measure; about .85 of an acre.
gou-glou. Possibly the whip-poor-will.
doré. A fish.
rossignol. The song-sparrow (probably).
T'ree Reever. Three Rivers, a town in Quebec.
Woonsocket. A town in the New England States. Many French-Canadians have gone to the States, to work in the factories.

ON A FAVORITE CAT

the lake below. The water in the tub for the goldfishes is a lake. **The Genii.** The goldfish **Tyrian hue.** Purple. **Nymph.** A goddess; here a reference to the cat.
Presumptuous maid. The cat.
Eight times emerging from the flood. A cat is said to have nine lives.
dolphin. A dolphin is said to have saved Arion from drowning.
Nereid. A sea-goddess.
Note the mock-heroic style of the poem. The last stanza carries a moral.

ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND

An intensely patriotic poem, showing Henley's pride in the land of his birth, in its "far-flung" Empire.

THE SKYLARK

matin. Morning song. **fell.** A hill.
What is "the red streamer that heralds the day?"

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

Holmes himself considered this his best piece of work, particularly the last stanza.

The Nautilus is a genus of cephalopods, a class of mollusca, with many-chambered shells in the form of a flat spiral, the animal residing in the external chamber, and the others being separated by partitions.

siren. A name of several sea-nymphs, who by their singing fascinated those who sailed by their island, and then destroyed them.
Triton. A sea-god in Greek and Roman mythology.
What is the "lesson" to be learned?

CONTENTMENT

The sub-title, "Man Wants But Little Here Below," is from Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.

The verse and prose of Oliver Wendell Holmes, a famous American writer, are famous for delicate humor, tender pathos, and genial kindliness. You should read the Breakfast Table series, the **Autocrat,** the **Professor** and the **Poet. Contentment** is written in a playful style of serio-comic mockery by which he seeks to teach us a lesson.

brown stone. A very costly material used only by very rich people.

Plenipo. Minister Plenipotentiary; a representative to only first rate powers.

Gubernator's chair. Governor of a State.

Cashmere. In Northern India famous for its costly shawls.

Titians. One of the Venetian Old Masters (1477-1576).

Raphael. Italian fresco painter (1485-1520).

Turner. The most celebrated of English landscape painters (1775-1851).

cameos. Carved precious stones.

Stradivarius. A celebrated maker of violins (1670-1735); worth more than their weight in gold.

buhl. An ornamental figure of brass or gold set into some precious wood, as ebony.

Midas. Celebrated rich king of Phrygia who asked that whatever he touched should be turned into gold and was forced to ask that the fatal gift be taken back, lest he should starve.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

King Francis I of France lived in the Sixteenth Century when Henry VIII was King of England.

Was the King right in saying, "Not love, but vanity, set love a task like that?"

If possible, read Browning's poem on the same theme.

HYMN TO DIANA

Diana was the goddess of the chase and of the moon.

silver chair. The moon. **Hesperus.** The evening star.

Cynthia. Another name for Diana, as the moon goddess.

What lines refer to an eclipse of the moon?

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

This sonnet was written in friendly competition with Leigh Hunt. The latter's sonnet begins: "Green little vaulter in the sunny grass. . . . . "

What is the central thought of this sonnet?

EVENING

griding. Jaring harshly.

Pandean. Such music as made by the god Pan.

Note the pictures of the coming on of evening.

MY LOST YOUTH

the beautiful town. Portland, Maine, the birthplace of Longfellow.
Hesperides. The islands, which according to Greek mythology, lay beyond the western verge of the world.
the fort upon the hill. Fort St. Lawrence. While lying there, the poet thought of the subject of this poem.
the sea-fight far away. A battle in the war of 1812, between the British brig Boxer and the American brig Enterprise. Both captains were killed in the fight and were buried with full naval honors in Portland.
Deering's Woods. A beautiful park in Portland.

Note the various adjectives used in connection with the "Lapland song". What verbs are used in the same connection?

OUT OF BABYLON

Why are the mother's eyes filled with glory, and why shines the father's face? Why does the maiden tremble?

King Cyrus liberated the captive Jews and they are returning with joy to Jerusalem,—all save this one. The Prophet has discovered the secret. Can you guess it?

THE BELLS OF SHANDON

Father Mahony contrasts the music of the bells of many great churches with those of Shandon.

Note the refrain in the last four lines of each stanza.
Adrian's Mole. Built by the Emperor Adrian in Rome.
Vatican. The palace of the Pope.
Notre Dame. The great cathedral in Paris.
St. Peter's. In Rome. **kiosk.** A Turkish summer-house or pavilion.
St. Sophia. A famous church in Constantinople, now used for Mohammedan worship.

A BALLAD FOR BRAVE WOMEN

A fine narrative poem telling the story of Laura Secord's heroic deed during the war of 1812.

Why is the hemlock called "the forest's high priest"?
picket. Outpost.

In the last stanza we have a prophecy, as it were, of the women of Canada during the Great War.
Harold's Pligrimage.

JACQUES CARTIER

Read the story of Cartier's voyages to America.
Thulé An island in the north of Europe. It is used to denote

some unknown region of ice and snow.
causeway. Highway. The ice was used as a road—a wonder to his listeners, though common enough to us.
the river. The St. Lawrence.
fortress cliff. Quebec.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

Milton became blind in 1652 at the age of 44. This sonnet was written a year or two later.

What great talent had Milton? (Note the reference to Matthew XXV, 14-30).
fondly. Foolishly. **post.** Hasten.

What is Milton's attitude to his affliction?

PERE LALEMANT

Pere Lalemant, a Roman Catholic missionary to the Indians.
acolytes. Attendants of the priest.
byre. Manger. **the French lilies.** The fleur-de-lis.
Hiram out of Tyre. See the account of Hiram's bringing Cedars of Lebanon to help to build Solomons Temple at Jerusalem (I Kings, V.)
St. Francis. St. Francis of Assisi, who lived in the thirteenth century, hated cruelty in every form. He taught people to be kind to birds and beasts.
Thy rod my guide and comfort. See the twenty-third psalm.

THE RAVEN

In a remarkable essay on The Philosophy of Composition, Poe describes the process by which he, step by step, built up this wonderful poem of the imagination. Stanza 16 was the first one composed; the others were written in their order to build up the poem, the topic of which is the Death of the beautiful woman Lenore lamented by a bereaved lover.

The raven, of course, is emblematical of Mournful and Never-ending Remembrance.

The keynote is suggested by such words as "midnight", "dreary", "weak", "weary", "bleak December", and "ghost".
surcease of sorrow. Complete forgetfulness.
Pallas. Or Minerva, the goddess of the liberal arts.
Pluto. King of the infernal regions, according to the Greeks.
Seraphim. Angels.
nepenthe. A kind of magic potion, supposed to make persons forget their sorrows.
balm in Gilead. A gum which was supposed to possess wonderful healing properties. Signifies cure for sorrow. See Jeremiah 8:22; 46:11.
Aidenn. Fanciful spelling for Eden.

Select the expressions giving concrete pictures of the room and the mysterious visitant.

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

Stanza 3. In imagination the poet hears the dreadful noise of battle which he compares to the raging of the sea.
Stanza 4. A regiment of Highlanders led the British troops up the heights to the Plains of Abraham.
Stanza 5. Wolfe and Montcalm were both killed. To them is erected a common monument on the Plains.

What is greater than military glory in the poet's opinion?

FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU

three mighty lakes. Katrine, Vennachar, and Achray.
Mines. Undermines.
mouldering lines. A line of forts which had been built centuries before by the Romans.
Vich-Alpine. Roderick, son or descendent of Alpine.
kern. A light-armed soldier.
carpet knight. A knight better qualified to attend ladies than to fight.
targe. Shield. **life's exhausted tide.** The loss of blood.
close. Fight at close quarters.

IN MEMORIAM: CAPTAIN SCOTT

If possible students should read an account of Captain Scott and his brave companions. Stories of exploration are to be found in most school libraries.

MERCY

A famous passage from the Merchant of Venice, in the Trial scene. What is the difference between power and mercy, as expressed by Portia in this selection?

ENGLAND

John of Gaunt, in the play of Richard Second, gives utterance to these patriotic words.
Mars. The god of war.

Note the beautiful metaphor in line 7.
less happier. A double comparative, frequent in Shakespeare.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN

This selection is taken from the comedy, As You Like It. Jacques is the speaker.

All the world's a stage. A metaphor found in ancient poetry and used more than once by Shakespeare. (See Merchant of Venice, I. 1, 77-79).
pards. Leopards. **saws.** Sayings. **modern instances.** Commonplace examples.
pantaloon. An old dotard.
his. Its. It was not until after Shakespeare's time that "its" was commonly used to refer to neuter nouns. "His" was the usual form.
mere oblivion. Absolute forgetfulness.

THE CLOUD

This poem is famous for its melody, its beauty of description, its happy choice of words, its rhythm.

Who is the Pilot of the Cloud?

sanguine. Blood-red. Note the color in this section.

How is the sunset described? Why "orbed maiden"?

Note the similies throughout the poem.

the million-colored bow. What is meant?

I am the daughter of Earth and Water. Explain this personification.

THE VAGABOND

Look up this word in a good dictionary. Do you know anything of the life of Stevenson? Could he be called a "vagabond"? Have you read "Treasure Island"?

Compare this poem with "The Joys of the Road".

A PROPHECY

What did Tennyson foresee when he wrote this extract from Locksley Hall?

To what might line 10 now refer?

THE GREEN LINNET

Collect all the terms that show the happiness of the bird. The theme of the poem seems to be the joyousness of Spring.

THE CUCKOO

Thy twofold shout: explain this phrase.

What tales does the cuckoo bring to the poet?

What is the effect of the bird's song as expressed in the last stanza?

I WANDERED LONELY

This poem is sometimes entitled "The Daffodils". Wordsworth's sister Dorothy wrote "When we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow

Park we saw a few daffodils close to the waterside. We fancied that the sea had floated the seed ashore and that the little colony had so sprung up. But as we went along there were more, and yet more; and at last under the boughs of the trees we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore . . . . I never saw daffodils so beautiful . . . . they tossed and reeled and danced as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them over the lake".

TO A SKYLARK

There are three famous poems on the Skylark. James Hogg in his poem expresses the wish "to abide in the desert with thee", because the lark is so happy. Shelley in his poem identifies himself with the "clear keen joyance" of the songster. Wordsworth in his verse seizes on a more impersonal aspect of the skylark's habits and speaks of it as the "type of the wise who soar, but never roam". To Wordsworth the skylark is the type of the truly wise in this world who seek their highest happiness in the simple duties and affections of life.

pilgrim of the sky. What does Shelley say?

composed. Folded.

privacy of glorious light. A very effective paradox. Cf. Shelley's

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought.

17-18. "The wise, while they do not neglect the lowlier duties of every day life, cultivate at the same time higher and holier interests". Webb.

THE SOLITARY REAPER

Wordsworth read of an incident similar to the one he depicts in this poem, which is a noted example of his power to take a simple theme and find the poetic in it.

If we read his poem To The Cuckoo, we shall understand better the effect of the girl's song as given in lines 13, 14.

The girl's song may have for its theme the "Long ago", or may be caused by some recent grief.

It was characteristic of Wordsworth that the remembrance of a song should give him pleasure in later days.

(See the last stanza of the poem, I wandered Lonely as a Cloud.)

There is a quiet charm about the Solitary Reaper due to the beauty of the words, the delightful rhythm, and the simplicity of the language.

INDEX OF AUTHORS

PARTS I AND II

PAGE

ARGYLE, DUKE OF, 1823-1900.
Canada: A National Hymn ... 3

AUSTIN, ALFRED, 1835-1913
A Christmas Carol ... 65

BIBLE
Song of Praise, A ... 60
Greatness of Love, The ... 61
Lord is my Shepherd, The ... 62
Lord, Who Shall Abide ... 62
Desert Shall Rejoice, The ... 128
Glory of God, The ... 129
Wisdom ... 130
Field of the Slothful, The ... 130

BLAKE, WILLIAM, 1757-1827
Laughing Song ... 5
Tiger ... 66

BLEWETT, JEAN, 1869
Quebec ... 5

BRIDGES, ROBERT, 1844-
Passer-By, A ... 67

BROWNING, ROBERT, 1812-1889
Boy and the Angel, The ... 68

BURNS, ROBERT, 1759-1796
The Banks O' Doon ... 6
A Man's a Man for a' That ... 6
Duncan Gray ... 71
Scots Wha Hae ... 72

BYRON, GEORGE, GORDON, LORD, 1788-1824
Ocean, The ... 73

CARMAN, BLISS, 1861-1929
Master of the Scud, The ... 8
Ships of Saint John, The ... 11
Joys of the Road, The ... 75

CHAUCER, GEOFFREY, 1340 (?) -1400
April Day, An ... 13

CHESTERTON, G. K., 1874
Donkey, The ... 76

CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH, 1819-1861.
As Ships Becalm'd at Eve ... 14
Say Not, the Struggle Naught Availeth ... 77

PAGE

CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN, 1784-1842.
Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea, A 15

DARNELL, H. F., 1831-.
Maple, The 16

DAVIES, WILLIAM H., 1870-.
Days Too Short 17

DOYLE, SIR FRANCES H., 1810-1888.
Loss of the *Birkenhead*, The 18

DRUMMOND, WILLIAM, 1854-1907.
De Habitant 78

EXETER, BISHOP OF, 1863-.
Give Us Men! 20

GRAY, THOMAS, 1716-1771.
On a Favourite Cat 81

HENLEY, WILLIAM ERNEST, 1846-1902.
England, my England 82

HERRICK, ROBERT, 1591-1674.
To Daffodils 21

HOGG, JAMES, 1772-1835.
Skylark, The 83

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL, 1809-1894.
Chambered Nautilus, The 84
Contentment 85

HOOD, THOMAS, 1799-1845.
I remember, I remember 22
Faithless Nellie Gray 23

HUNT, LEIGH, 1784-1859.
Glove and the Lions, The 87

JOHNSON, E. PAULINE, 1862-1913.
Song My Paddle Sings, The 25

JONSON, BEN, 1573-1637.
True Greatness 27
Hymn to Diana 89

KEATS, JOHN, 1795-1821.
On the Grasshopper and Cricket 89

KIPLING, RUDYARD, 1865-.
If 28

LAMPMAN, ARCHIBALD, 1861-1899.
January Morning, A 29
Thunderstorm, A 29
Evening 90

LEWES, GEORGE HENRY, 1817-1878.
Introduction ii

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH, 1807-1882.
My Lost Youth 90

PAGE

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL, 1819-1891.
Summer Storm, A 30
Yussouf 31

MACDONALD, WILSON, 1880-.
Song of the Ski, The 32

MACKAY, ISABEL ECCLESTONE, 1875-1928.
Out of Babylon 93

MAHONEY, FATHER, 1804-1866.
Bells of Shandon, The 94

MAIR, CHARLES, 1838-1927.
Ballad for Brave Women, A 96

MASEFIELD, JOHN, 1874-.
'Reynard the Fox', From 34

MCGEE, THOMAS D'ARCY, 1825-1868.
Jacques Cartier 100

MILTON, JOHN, 1608-1674.
On His Blindness 102

MOORE, THOMAS, 1779-1852.
Light of Other Days, The 37
Miriam's Song 38

NEWBOLT, SIR HENRY, 1862-.
Torch of Life, The 39

PICKTHALL, MARJORIE, 1883-1922.
Pere Lalemant 102

POE, EDGAR ALLAN, 1809-1849.
Bells, The 39
Raven, The 104

RAWNSLEY, H. D., 1851-1920.
'Well Done, "Galliope" ' 43

ROSSETTI, C. G., 1830-1894
Up-Hill 46

SANGSTER, CHAS., 1822-1893.
Plains of Abraham, The 109

SCOTT, SIR WALTER, 1771-1832.
Lochinvar 47
Love of Country 48
Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu 111

SEAMAN, SIR OWEN, 1861-.
In Memoriam: Captain Scott 115

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM, 1564-1616.
How Sweet the Moonlight 49
Mercy 116
England 117
Seven Ages of Man, The 117

PAGE

SHELLEY, PERCY BYSCHE, 1792-1822.
Daybreak ... 49
Evening ... 50
Cloud, The ... 118
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS, 1850-1894.
Christmas at Sea ... 50
Requiem ... 52
Vagabond, The ... 121
TENNYSON, ALFTED, LORD, 1809-1892.
Dora ... 53
Prophecy, A ... 122
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM, 1770-1850.
Lines Written in Early Spring ... 57
To the Daisy ... 58
We Must be Free ... 59
Tables Turned, The ... 59
Green Linnet, The ... 123
To the Cuckoo ... 124
I Wandered Lonely ... 125
To a Skylark ... 126
Solitary Reaper, The ... 127

INDEX OF TITLES

PART I

		PAGE
A Man's a Man for a' That	*Burns*	6
April Day, An	*Chaucer*	13
As Ships, Becalm'd at Eve	*Clough*	14
Banks o' Doon, The	*Burns*	6
Bells, The	*Poe*	39
Canada: A National Hymn	*Argyle*	3
Christmas at Sea	*Stevenson*	50
Daybreak	*Shelley*	49
Days Too Short	*Davies*	17
Dora	*Tennyson*	53
Evening	*Shelley*	50
Faithless Nellie Gray	*Hood*	23
Give us Men!	*Exeter*	20
Greatness of Love, The	*Bible*	61
How Sweet the Moonlight	*Shakespeare*	49
If	*Kipling*	28
Introduction	*Lewes*	ii
I Remember, I Remember	*Hood*	22
January Morning, A	*Lampman*	29
Light of Other Days, The	*Moore*	37
Lines Written in Early Spring	*Wordsworth*	57
Laughing Song	*Blake*	5
Lochinvar	*Scott*	47
Lord is my Shepherd, The	*Bible*	62
Lord, who shall abide	*Bible*	62
Loss of the *Birkenhead*, The	*Doyle*	18
Love of Country	*Scott*	48
Maple, The	*Darnell*	16
Master of the Scud, The	*Carman*	8
Miriam's Song	*Moore*	38
Quebec	*Blewett*	5
Requiem	*Stevenson*	52
'Reynard the Fox', From	*Masefield*	34
Ships of Saint John, The	*Carman*	11
Song My Paddle Sings, The	*Johnson*	25
Song of Praise, A	*Bible*	60
Song of the Ski, The	*MacDonald*	32
Summer Storm, A	*Lowell*	30
Tables Turned, A	*Wordsworth*	59
Thunderstorm, A	*Lampman*	29
To Daffodils	*Herrick*	21
Torch of Life, The	*Newbolt*	39
To the Daisy	*Wordsworth*	58
True Greatness	*Jonson*	27
Up-Hill	*Rossetti*	46
'Well Done, "Calliope"!'	*Rawnsley*	43
We Must Be Free	*Wordsworth*	59
Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea, A	*Cunningham*	15
Yussouf	*Lowell*	31

INDEX OF TITLES

PART II

		PAGE
Ballad for Brave Women, A	*Mair*	96
Bells of Shandon, The	*Mahoney*	94
Boy and the Angel, The	*Browning*	68
Chambered Nautilus, The	*Holmes*	84
Christmas Carol, A	*Austin*	65
Cloud, The	*Shelley*	118
Contentment	*Holmes*	85
De Habitant	*Drummond*	78
Desert Shall Rejoice, The	*Bible*	128
Donkey, The	*Chesterton*	76
Duncan Gray	*Burns*	71
England	*Shekespeare*	117
England, my England	*Henley*	82
Evening	*Lampman*	90
Field of the Slothful	*Bible*	130
Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu	*Scott*	111
Glory to God, The	*Bible*	129
Glove and the Lions, The	*Hunt*	87
Green Linnet, The	*Wordsworth*	123
Hymn to Diana	*Jonson*	89
In Memoriam; Captain Scott	*Seaman*	115
I Wandered Lonely	*Wordsworth*	125
Jacques Cartier	*McGee*	100
Joys of the Road, The	*Carman*	75
Mercy	*Shakespeare*	116
My Lost Youth	*Longfellow*	90
Ocean, The	*Byron*	73
On a Favourite Cat	*Gray*	81
On His Blindness	*Milton*	102
On the Grasshopper and Cricket	*Keats*	89
Out of Babylon	*Mackay*	93
Passer-By, A	*Bridges*	67
Pere Lalemant	*Pickthall*	102
Plains of Abraham, The	*Sangster*	109
Prophecy, A	*Tennyson*	122
Raven, The	*Poe*	104
Say Not, the Struggle Naught Availeth	*Clough*	77
Scots Wha Hae	*Burns*	72
Seven Ages of Man, The	*Shakespeare*	117
Skylark, The	*Hogg*	83
Solitary Reaper, The	*Wordsworth*	127
Tiger	*Blake*	66
To a Skylark	*Wordsworth*	126
To the Cuckoo	*Wordsworth*	124
Vagabond, The	*Stevenson*	121
Wisdom	*Bible*	130

INDEX TO FIRST LINES

	PAGE
All day the low-hung clouds have dropped	13
All Hail to the broad-leaved maple	16
All the world's a stage	117
A moment the wild swallows light a flight	29
A story worth telling	96
As ships, becalm'd at eve, that lay	14
A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent	31
A wet sheet and a flowing sea	15
Behold her, single in the field	127
Ben Battle was a soldier bold	23
Beneath these fruit-tree boughs	123
Birds of the wilderness	83
Books are our dearest companions	ii
Breathes there the man	48
Bright flower, whose home is everywhere!	58
Come, listen to my story	43
Day had awakened all things that be	49
De place I get born	78
Does the road wind up-hill all the way?	46
Down in the village men awoke	34
Duncan Gray came here to woo	71
Ethereal Minstrel! Pilgrim of the sky!	126
Fair daffodils, we weep to see	21
For I dip into the future	122
From our Dominion never	3
From upland slopes I see	90
Give to me the life I love	121
Give us men!	20
Happy is the man that findeth	130
Hark, in the air, around, above	65
Hear the sledges with the bells	39
How sweet the moonlight leaps	49
I bring fresh showers	118
I heard a thousand blended notes	57
I lift the Lord on high	102
I remember, I remember	22
I stood upon the plain	109
I wandered lonely as a cloud	125
I went by the field of the slothful	130
If you can keep your head when all about you	28
In the seaport of St. Malo	100
Is there for honest poverty	6
It is not growing like a tree	27
It is not to be thought of	59
King Francis was a hearty king	87

INDEX TO FIRST LINES

	PAGE
Little I ask: my wants are few	85
Lord, who shall abide	62
Morning, evening, noon and night	68
Norse am I when the first snow falls	32
Not for the fame that crowns	115
Now the joys of the road are chiefly	75
O blithe new-comer! I have heard	124
Oft in the stilly night	37
Often I think of the beautiful town	90
Once upon a midnight dreary	104
O young Lochinvar is come out of the west	47
Quebec, the grey old city on the hill	5
Queen and huntress, chaste and fair	89
Right on our flank the crimson sun	18
Say not, the struggle naught availeth	77
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled	72
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!	38
Suddenly all the sky is hid	30
The chief in silence strode before	111
The earth is the Lord's	60
The glittering roofs are still with frost	29
The heavens declare the glory	129
The Lord is my Shepherd	62
The poetry of earth is never dead	89
The sheets are frozen hard	50
The sun is set: the swallows are asleep	50
The wilderness and the solitary places	128
Their looks for me are bitter	93
There is a pleasure in the pathless	73
There's a breathless hush in the close tonight	39
There's a schooner out from Kingsport	8
This is the ship of pearl	84
This royal throne of kings	117
Though I speak with the tongues	61
Tiger! Tiger! burning bright	66
'Twas on a lofty vase's side	81
Under the wide and starry sky	52
Up! Up! my friend	59
West wind, blow from your prairie nest	25
What have I done for you	82
When fishes flew and forests walked	76
When I consider how my light	102
When primroses are out in Spring	17
When the green woods laugh	5
Where are the ships I used to know	11
Which is the merchant here	116
Whither, O splendid ship	67
With deep affection	94
With farmer Allan at the farm abode	53
Ye flowery banks o' Bonnie Doon	6